



AMERICAN COMICS GROUP... TOPS for LAUGHS!



No. 84
AUG.

GIGGLE COMICS

10¢





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

HA-HA! HO-HO!

MAKE WAY FOR **FUN!**



**... FOR THE
MERRIEST,
HOWLINGEST
UPROAR OF
LAUGHS YOU'VE
EVER HAD!**

★ **IT'S JOLLY-
SPARKLING...
OVERFLOWING
WITH GLEE
AND GAIETY
THAT'LL KEEP
YOU ROARING!**

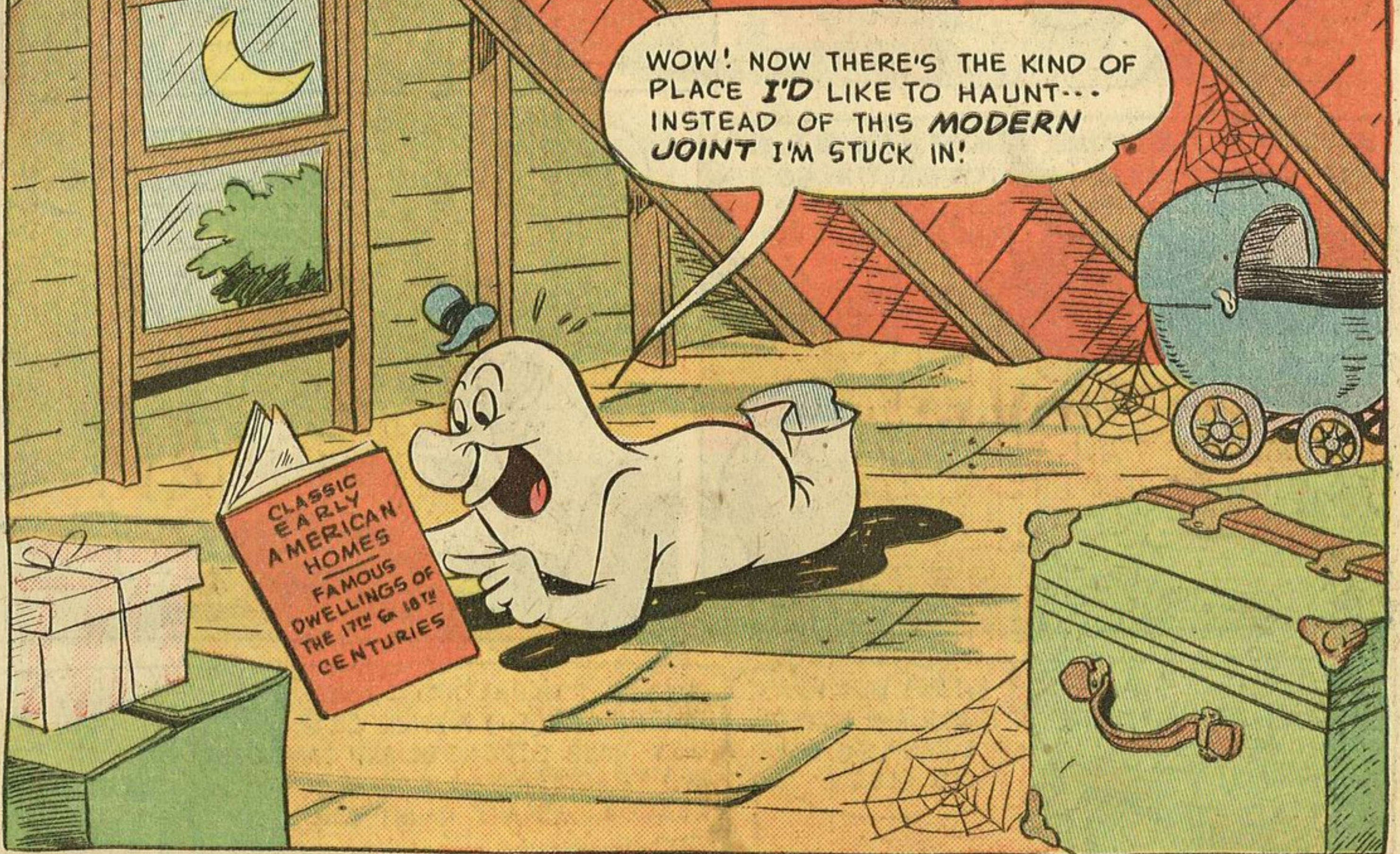
Don't miss...

HA HA COMICS

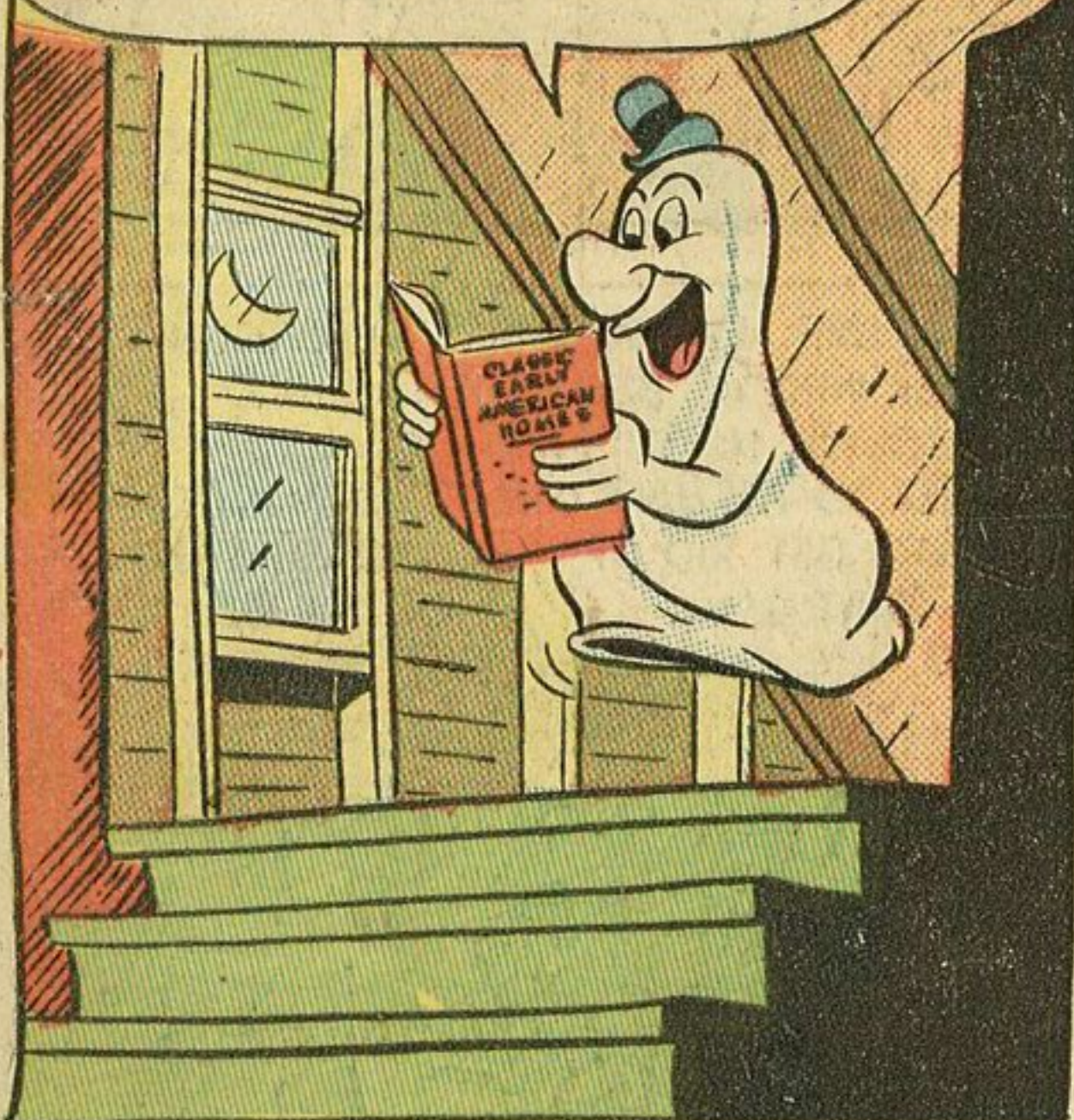
— ON ALL STANDS —

10¢

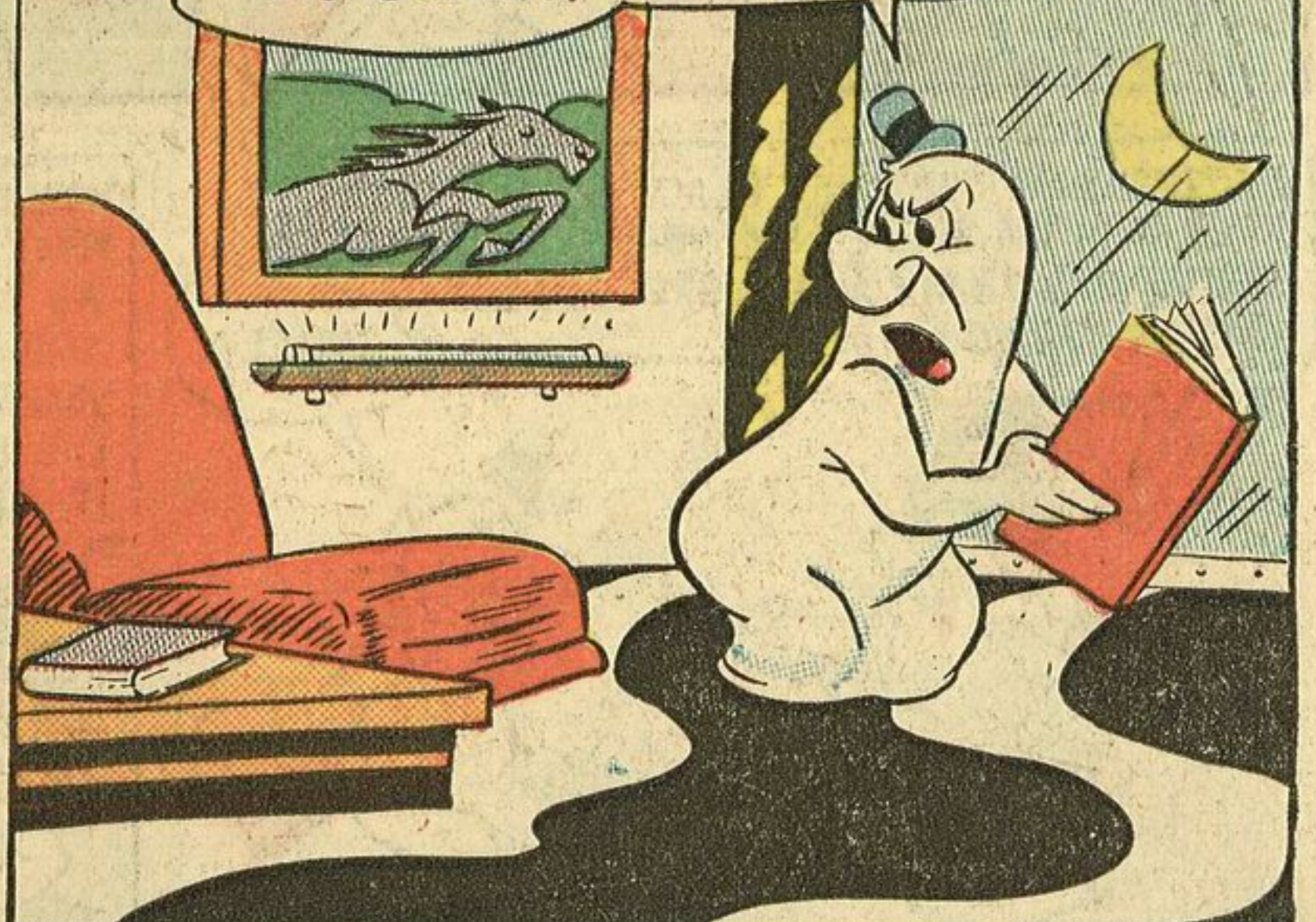
SPENCER SPOOK

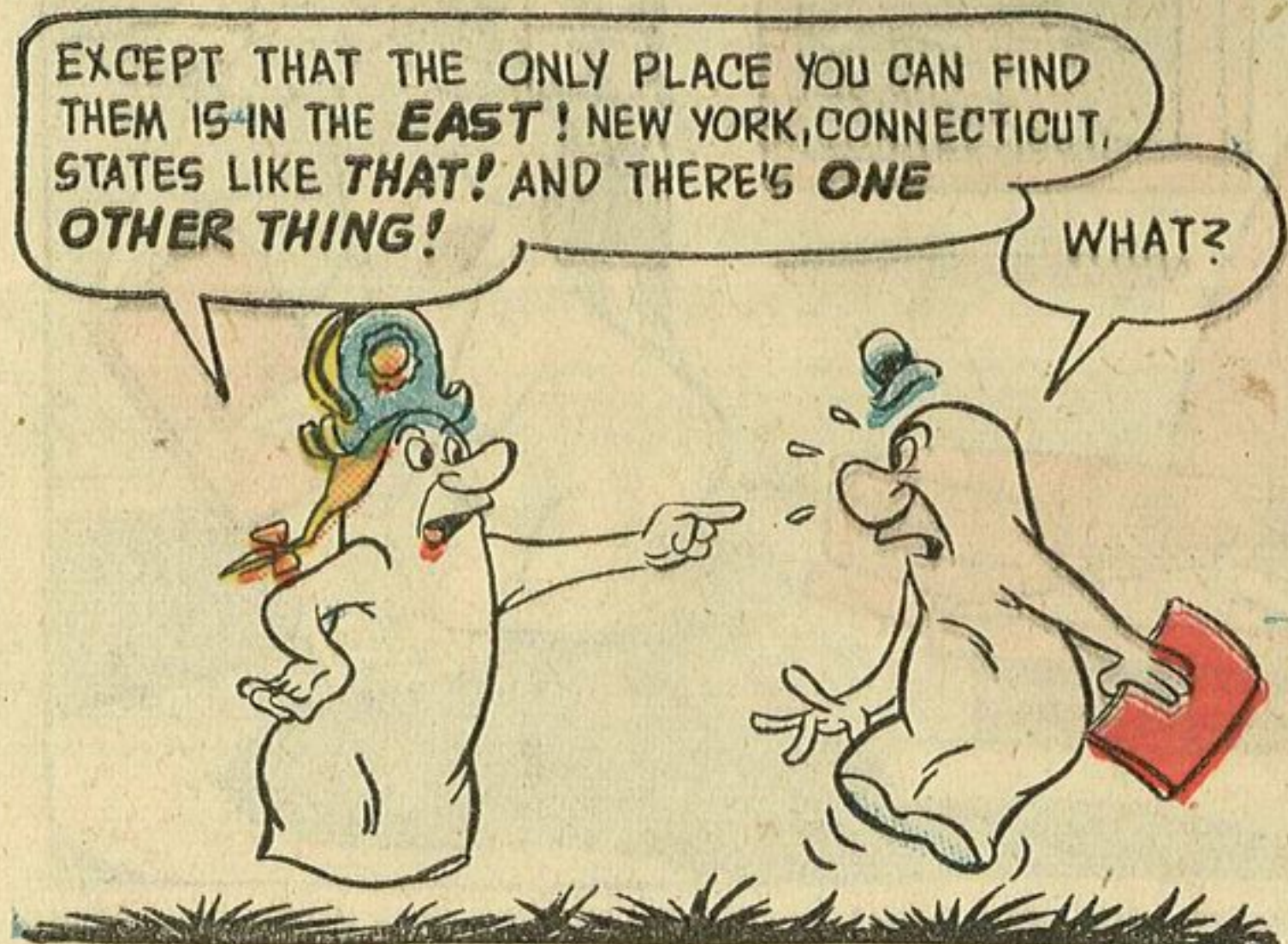
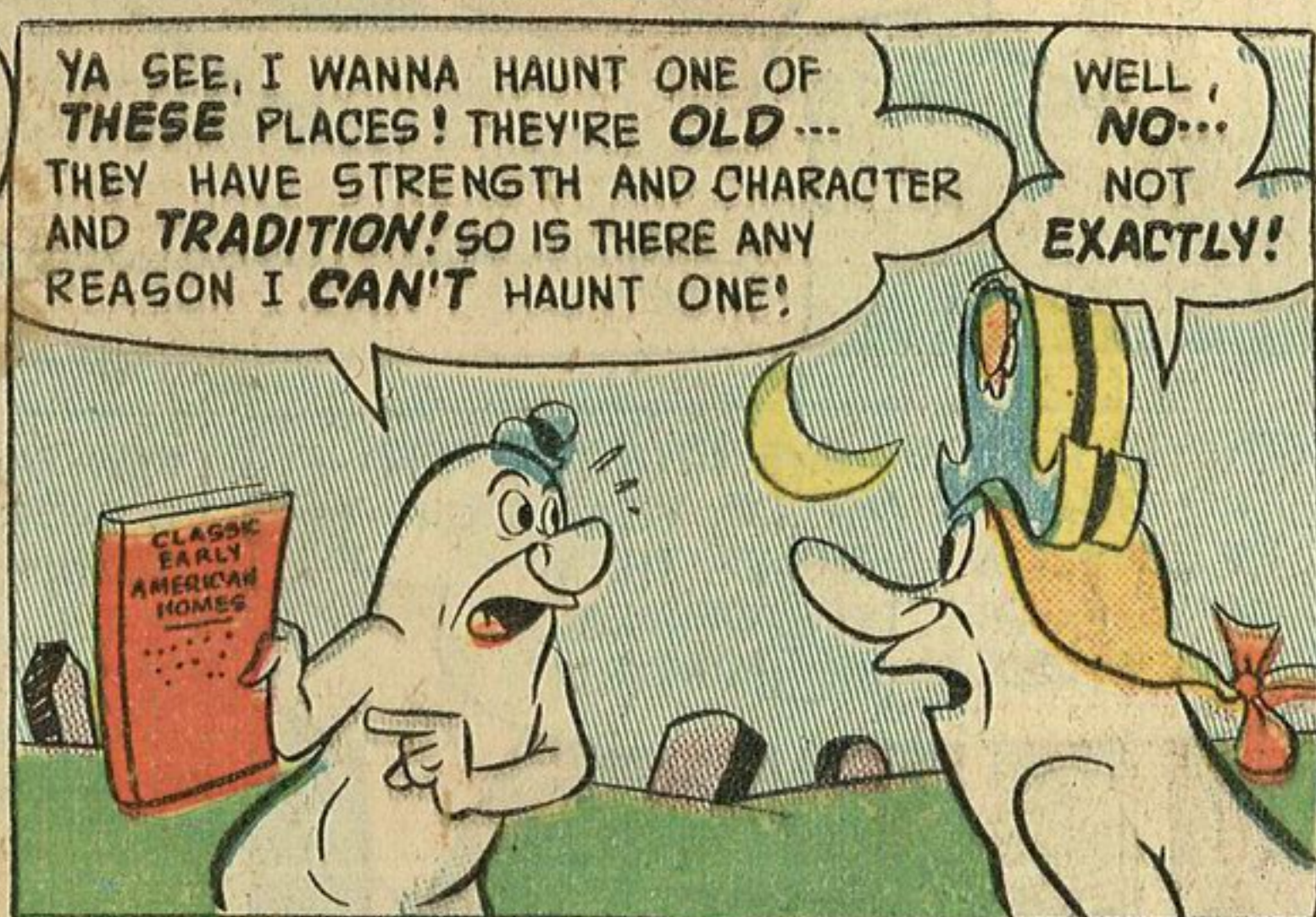
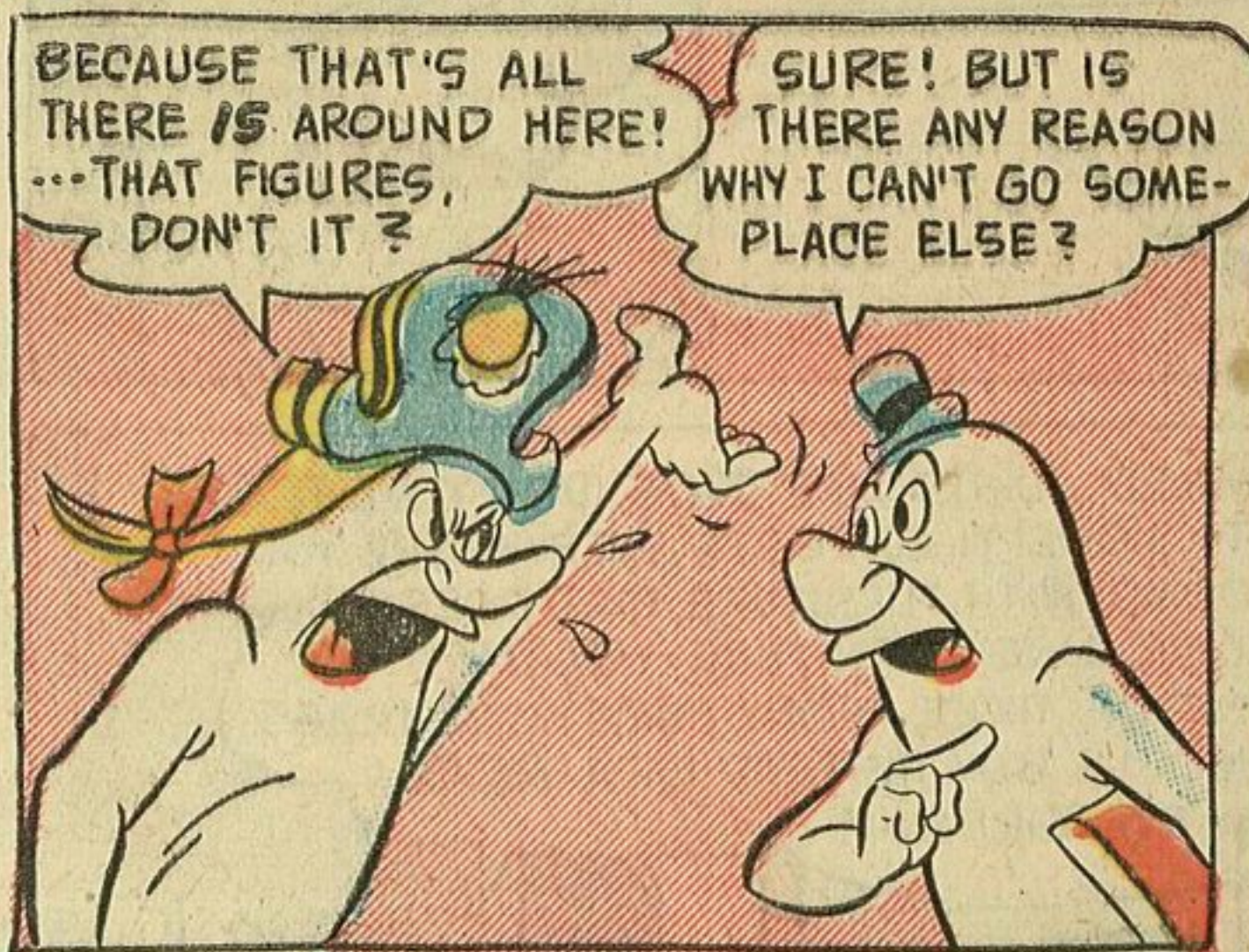
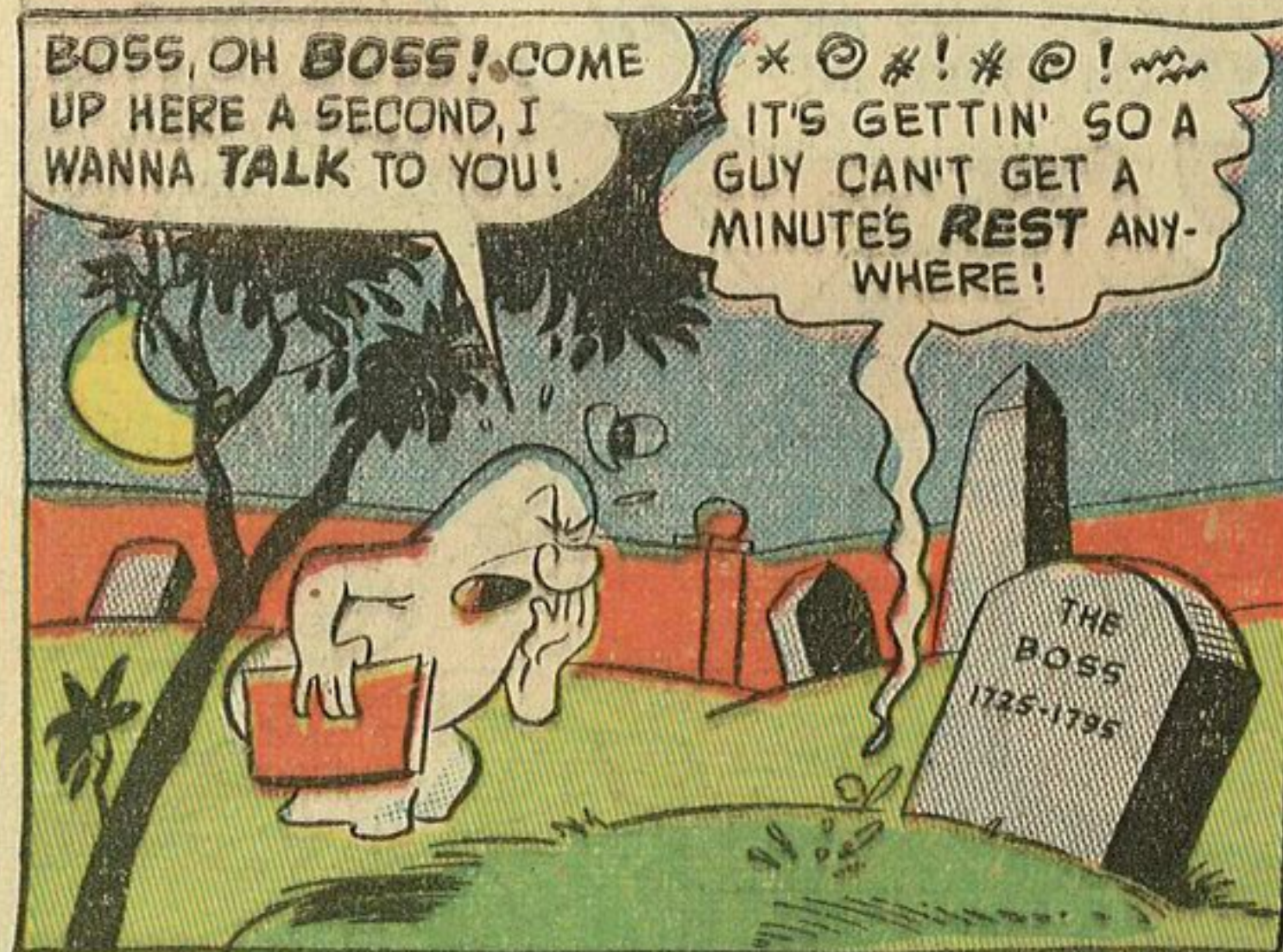
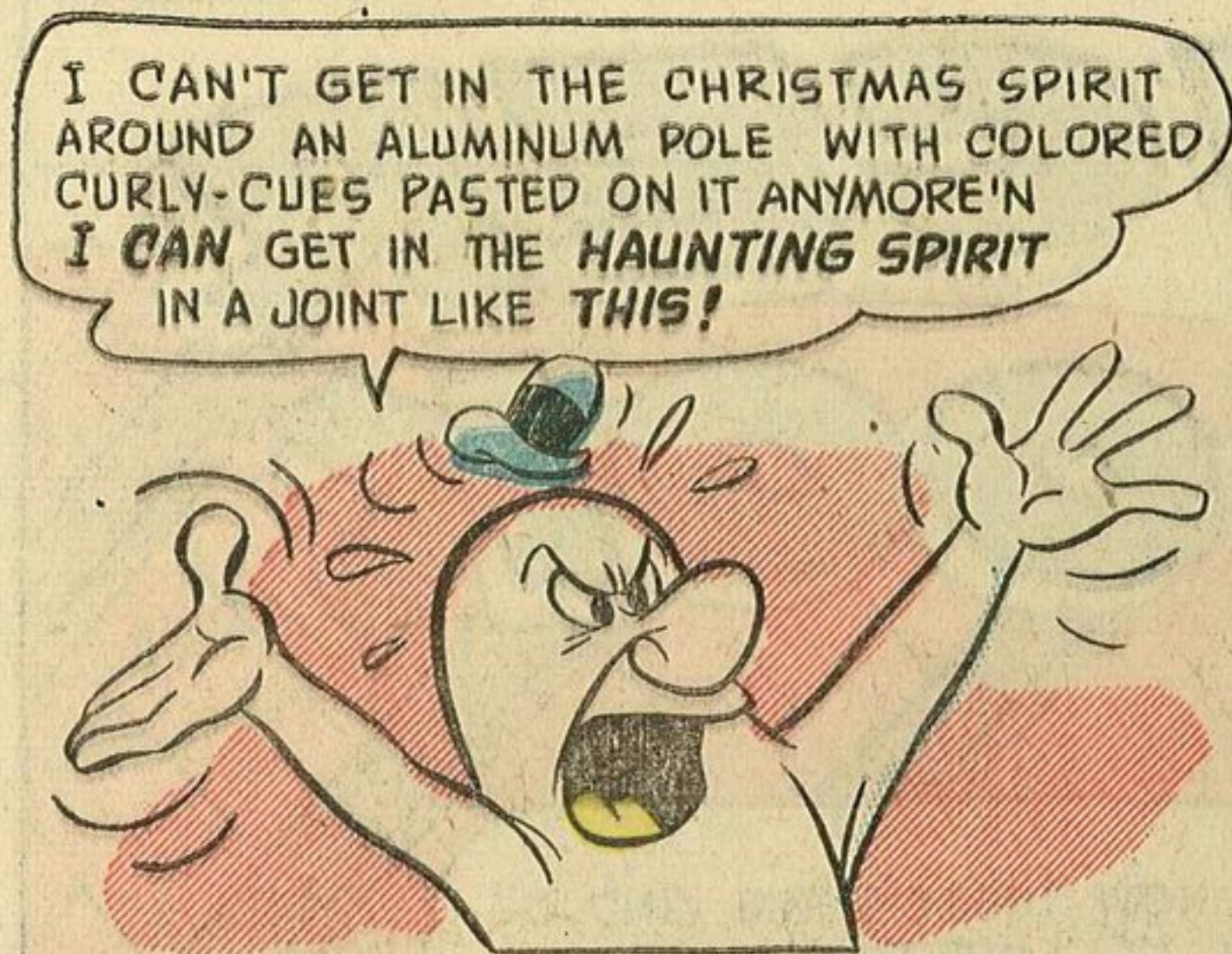


THESE HOMES HAVE CHARACTER... AND HUNDREDS OF YEARS OF TRADITION BEHIND THEM! THEY'RE THE TYPE OF PLACE THAT **SHOULD** BE HAUNTED!



NEW-FANGLED JOINTS LIKE **THIS** DON'T DESERVE A GHOST! MODERN GADGETS EVERYWHERE YOU TURN, ROOMS WITH FURNITURE THAT DOESN'T EVEN **LOOK** LIKE FURNITURE... **BAH!** IT'S LIKE ONE OF THOSE PHONY CHRISTMAS TREES SOME PEOPLE BUY INSTEAD OF A **REAL** EVERGREEN!





YOU SURE CAN! BUT **REMEMBER**, I CAN ARRANGE YOUR TRANSPORTATION, BUT I **CAN'T** HELP YOU GET THE HOUSE! ONCE YOU LEAVE HERE, YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN!

OKAY! OKAY! I'M READY TO LEAVE --- RIGHT NOW!



AND SO, SOMETIME LATER AND A THOUSAND MILES AWAY---

OKAY, PILE OUT, SPENCE! THIS IS AS FAR AS THIS GHOST TRAIN GOES!

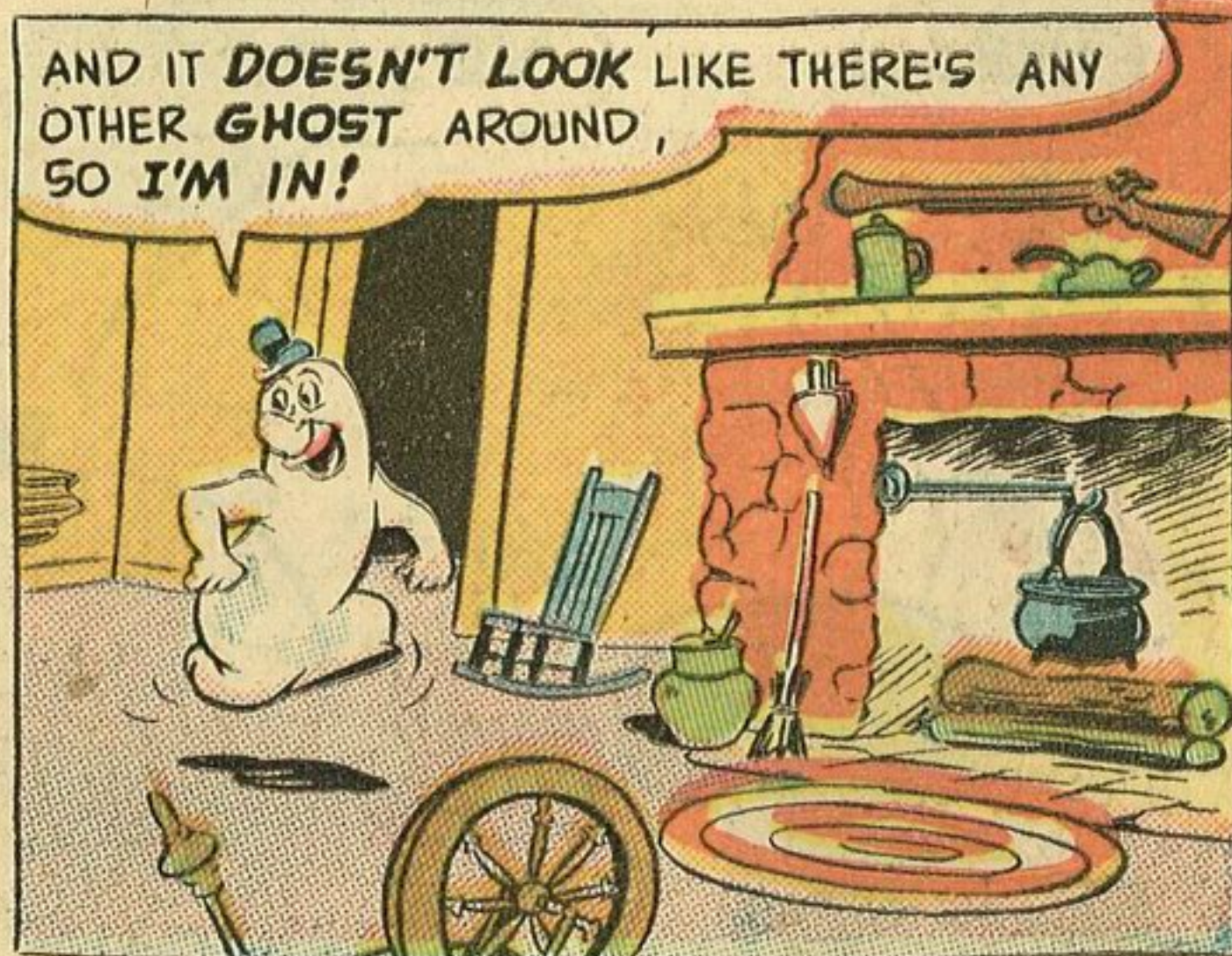
GHOST TRAIN'S RIGHT! IT MUSTA BEEN DEAD A HUNDRED YEARS! WODDA RIDE!



WOW! THERE'S THE PLACE FOR ME! JUST MY STYLE!



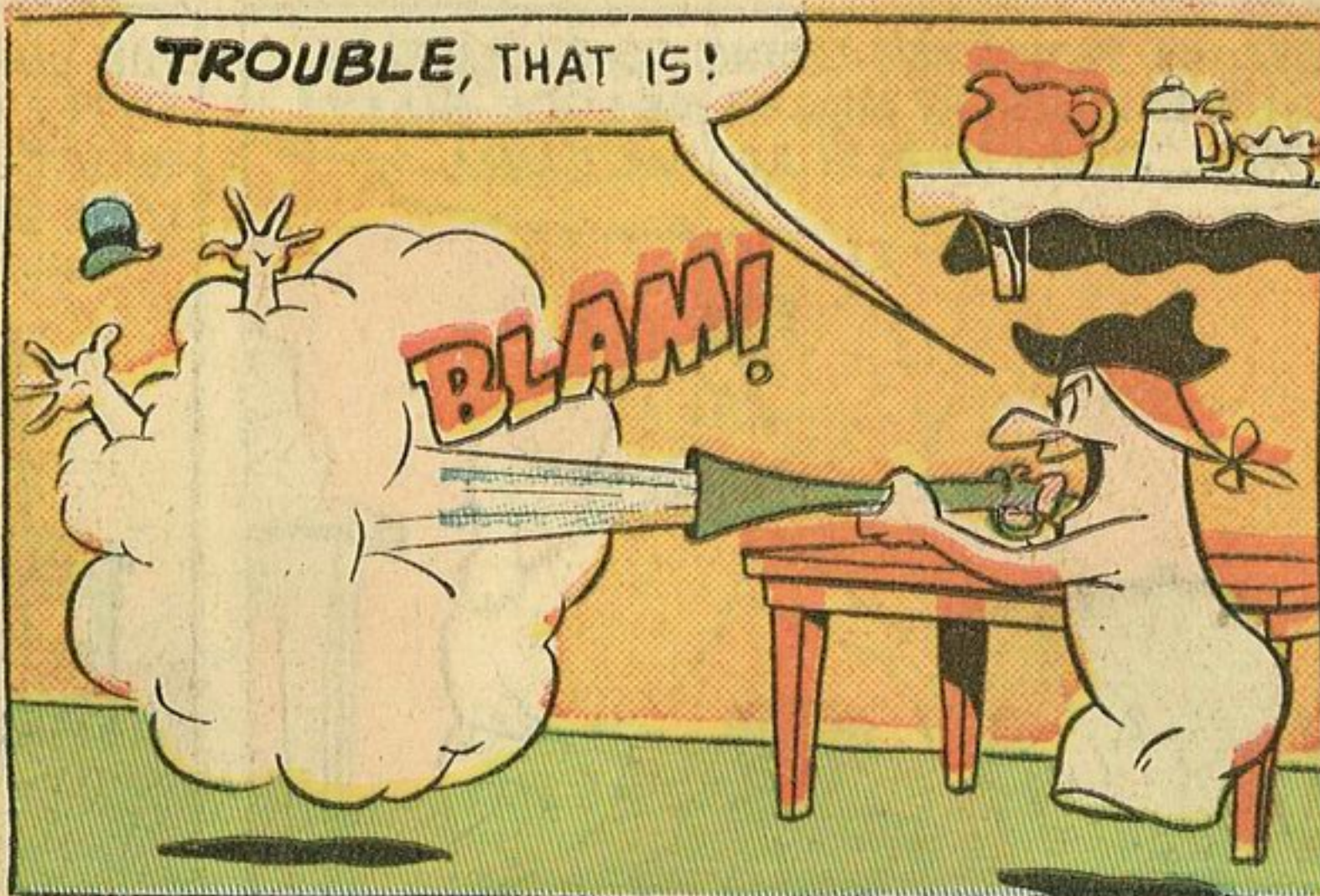
AND IT **DOESN'T** LOOK LIKE THERE'S ANY OTHER GHOST AROUND, SO I'M IN!



THAT'S RIGHT-- YOU'RE IN!



TROUBLE, THAT IS!

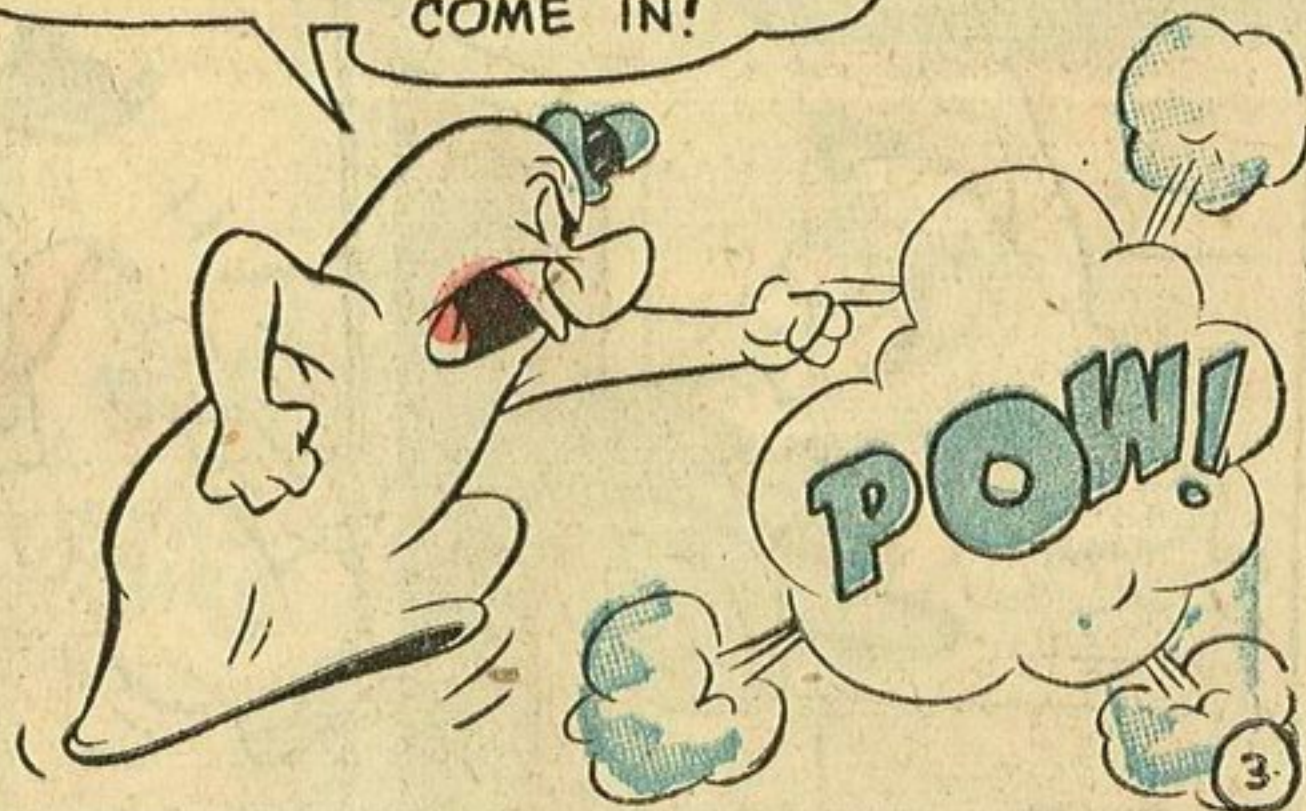


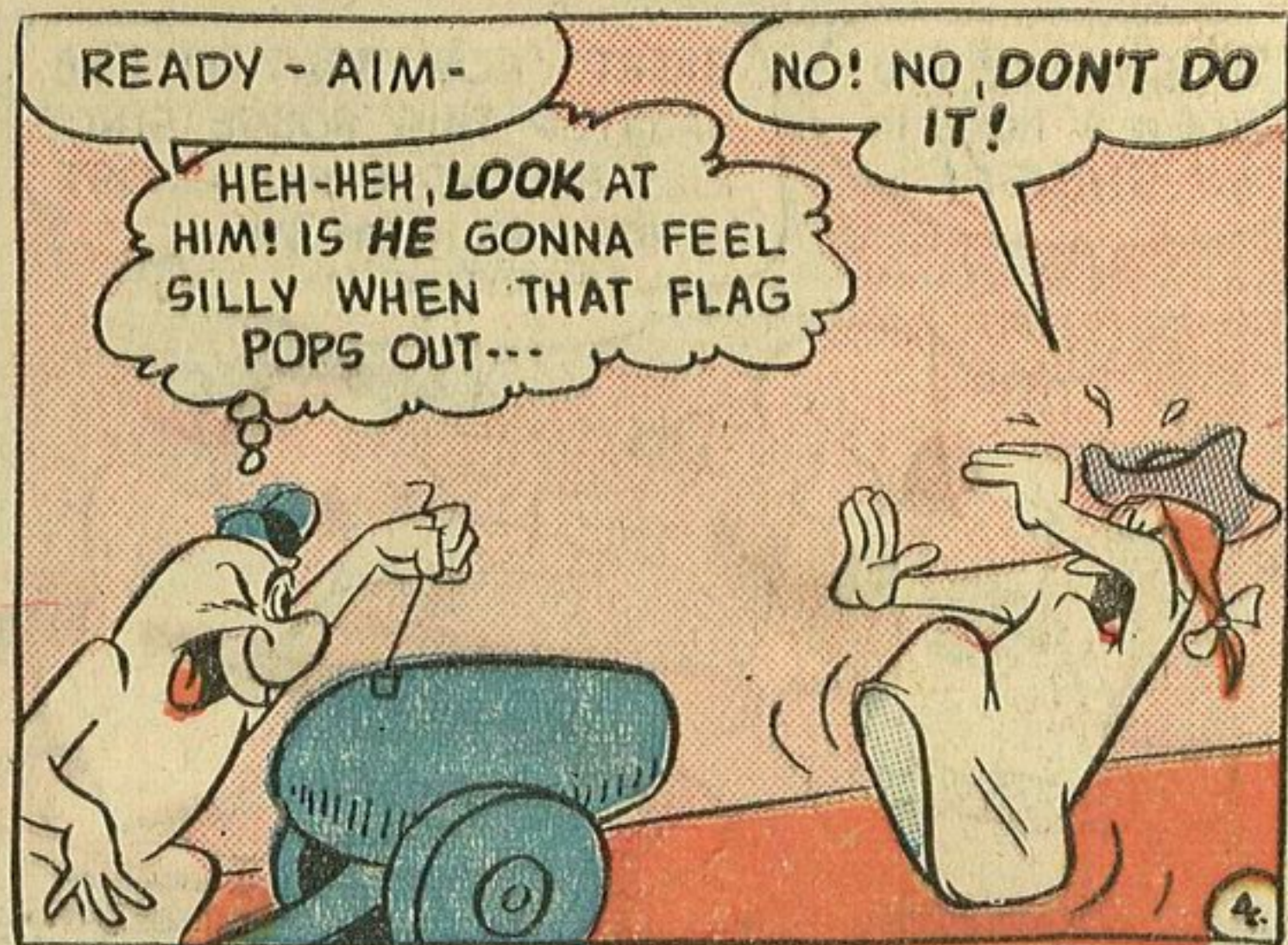
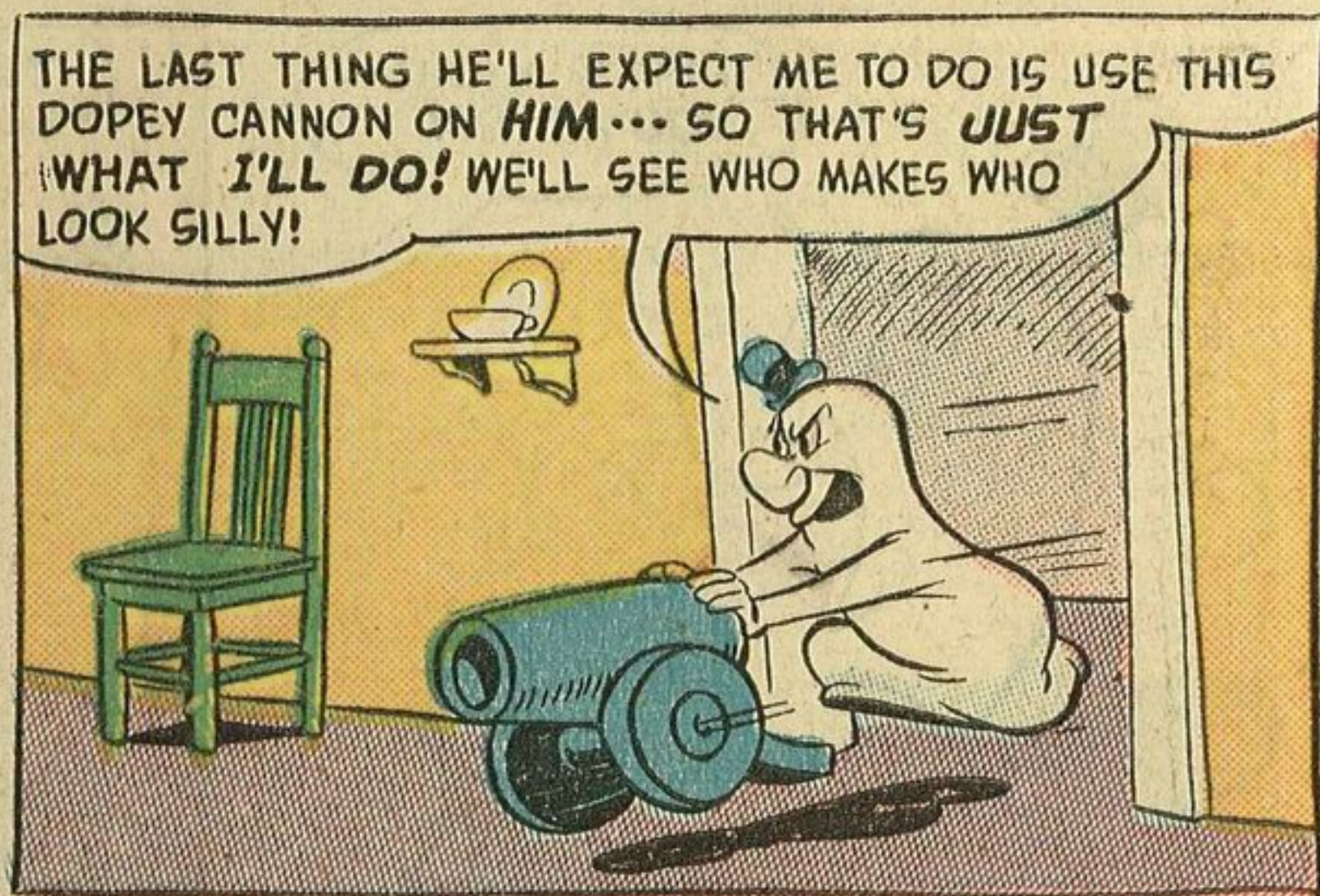
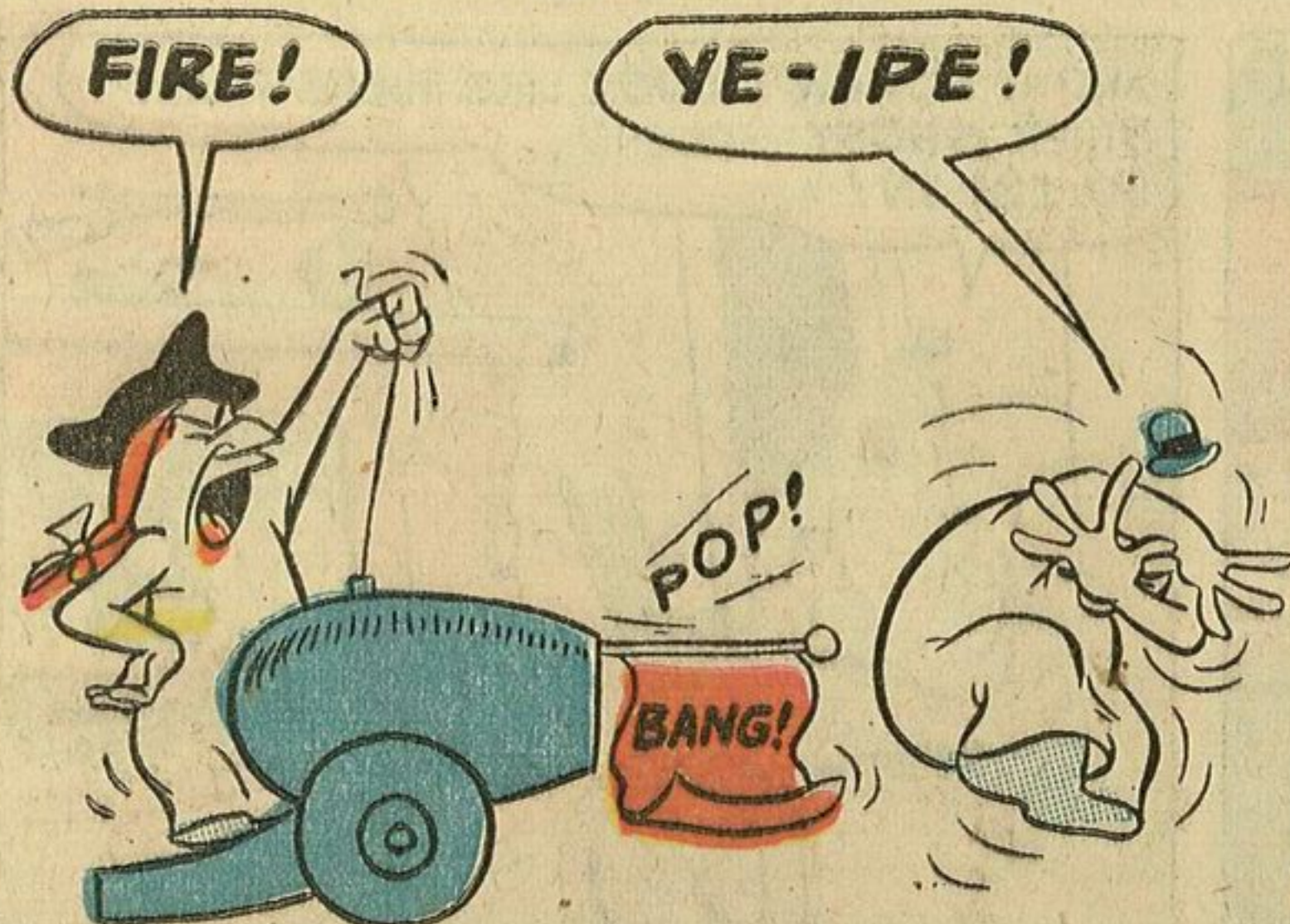
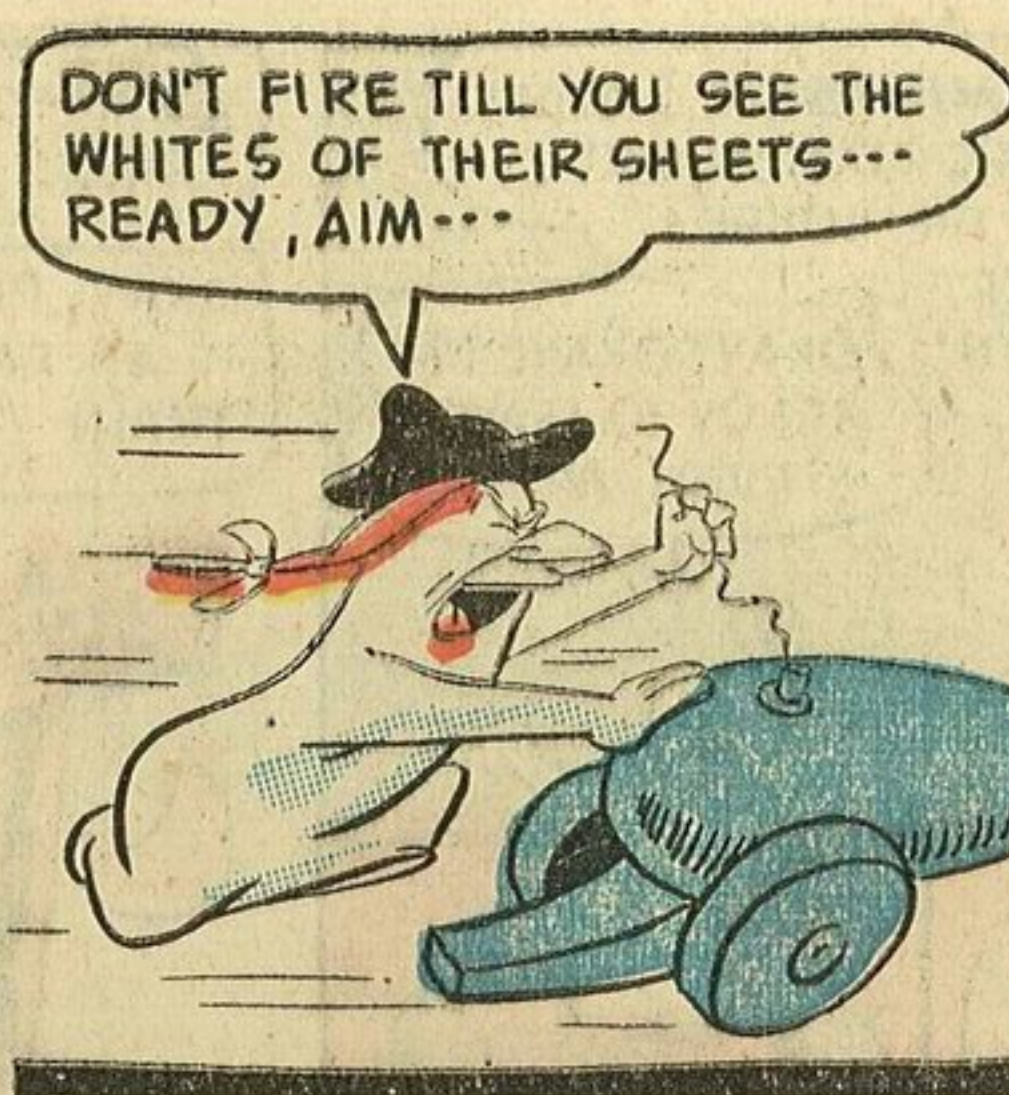
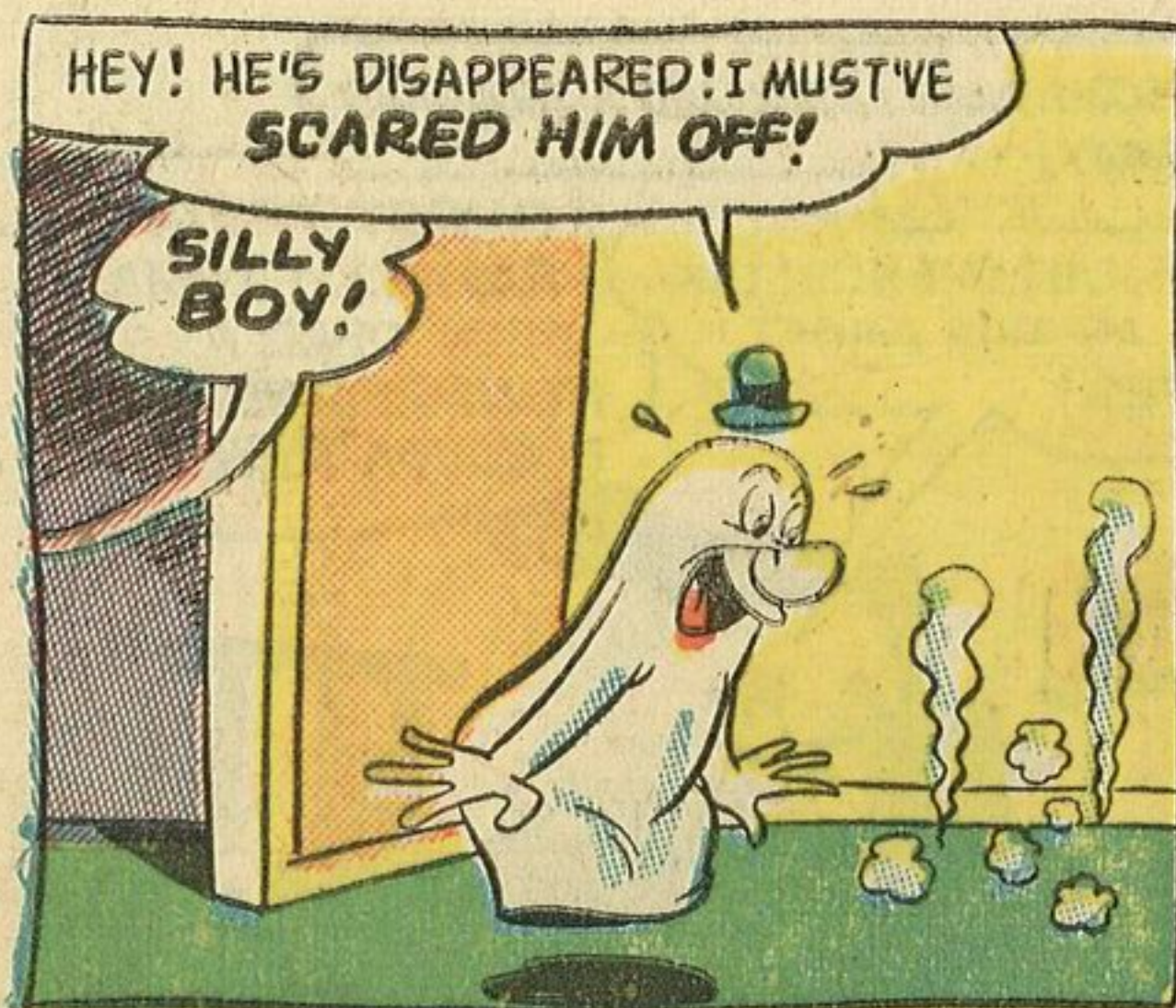
MY **SHEET**! YOU BLEW A HOLE IN MY **SHEET**!

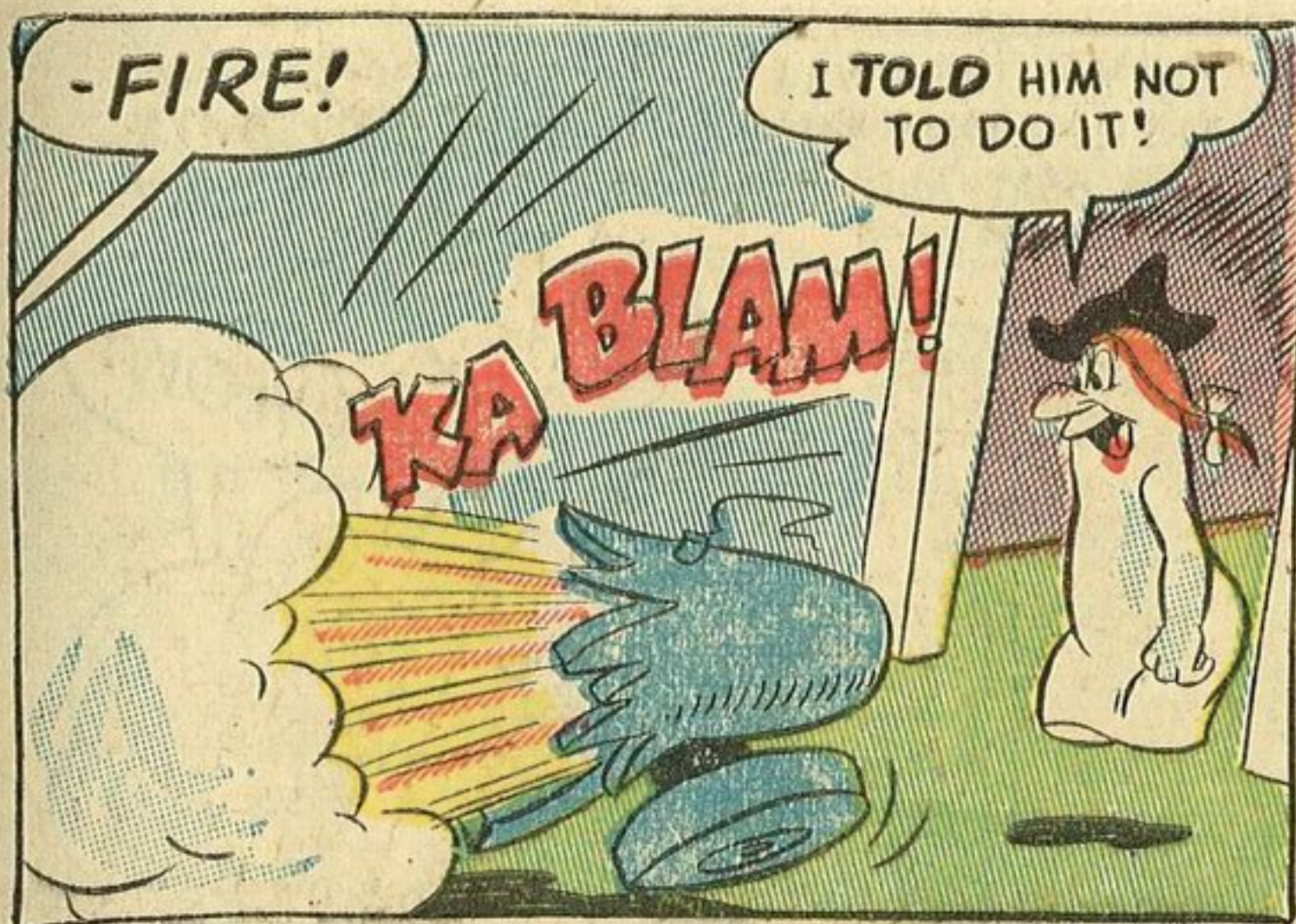
RIGHT! NOW BEAT IT! I'VE HAUNTED THIS HOUSE SINCE 1625 AND NO OTHER GHOST IS HORNING IN ON MY TERRITORY!



IF YOU'VE HAUNTED THIS HOUSE THAT LONG IT'S ABOUT TIME **SOMEBODY** ELSE TOOK OVER! AND THAT'S WHERE I COME IN!







-FIRE!

I TOLD HIM NOT TO DO IT!

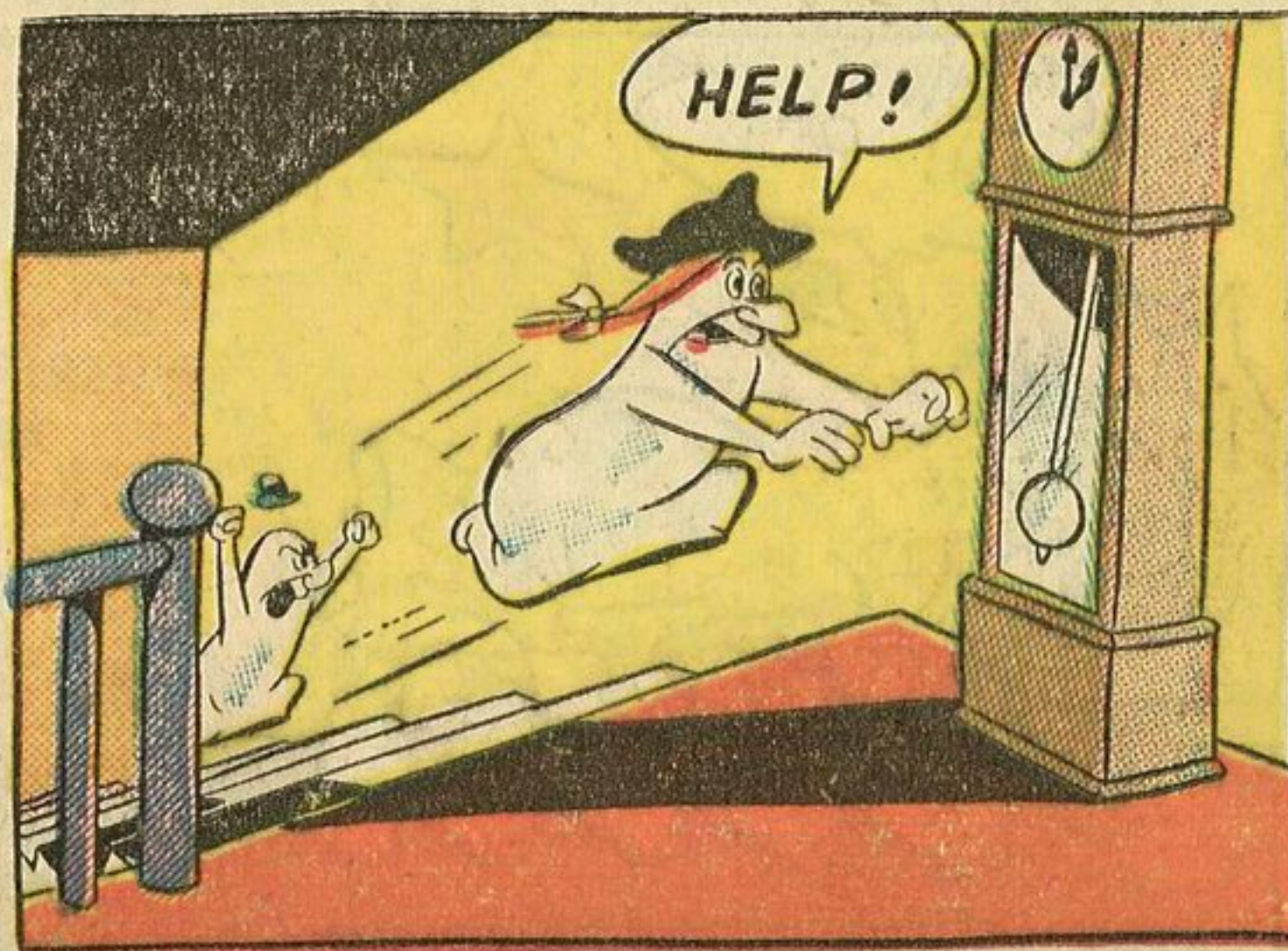
KA BLAM!



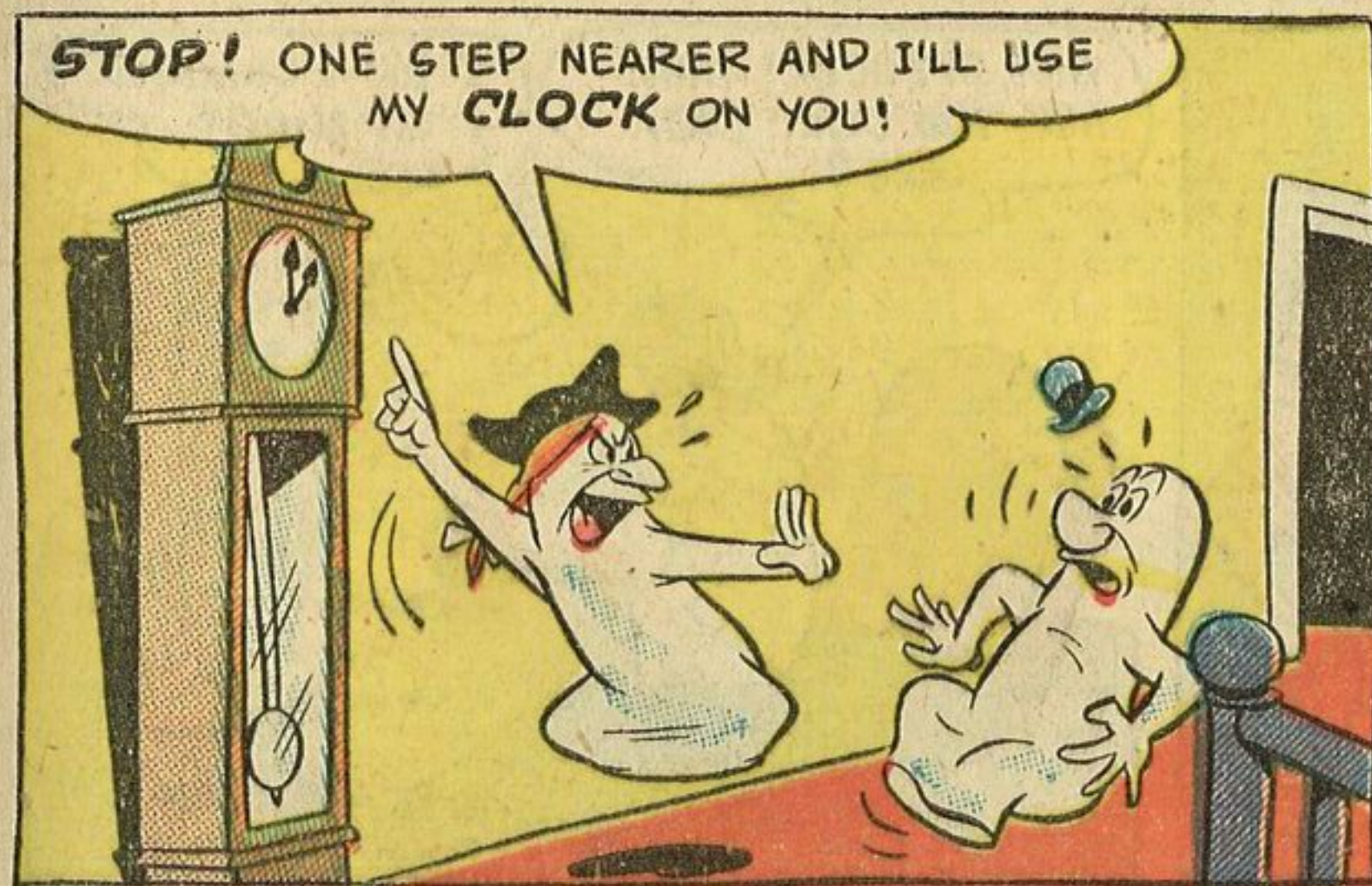
TRICKY LITTLE GADGET, *ISN'T* IT? THAT'LL TEACH YA NOT TO GO AROUND USIN' **OTHER** GHOSTS' CANNONS! **NOW** WILL YOU LEAVE, SONNY?



GRRR...! NO MOTH-EATEN GHOST IS GONNA KEEP **ME** FROM HAUNTIN' THE HOUSE OF MY DREAMS! I'LL TEAR YOU INTO **RAGS** WITH MY BARE HANDS!



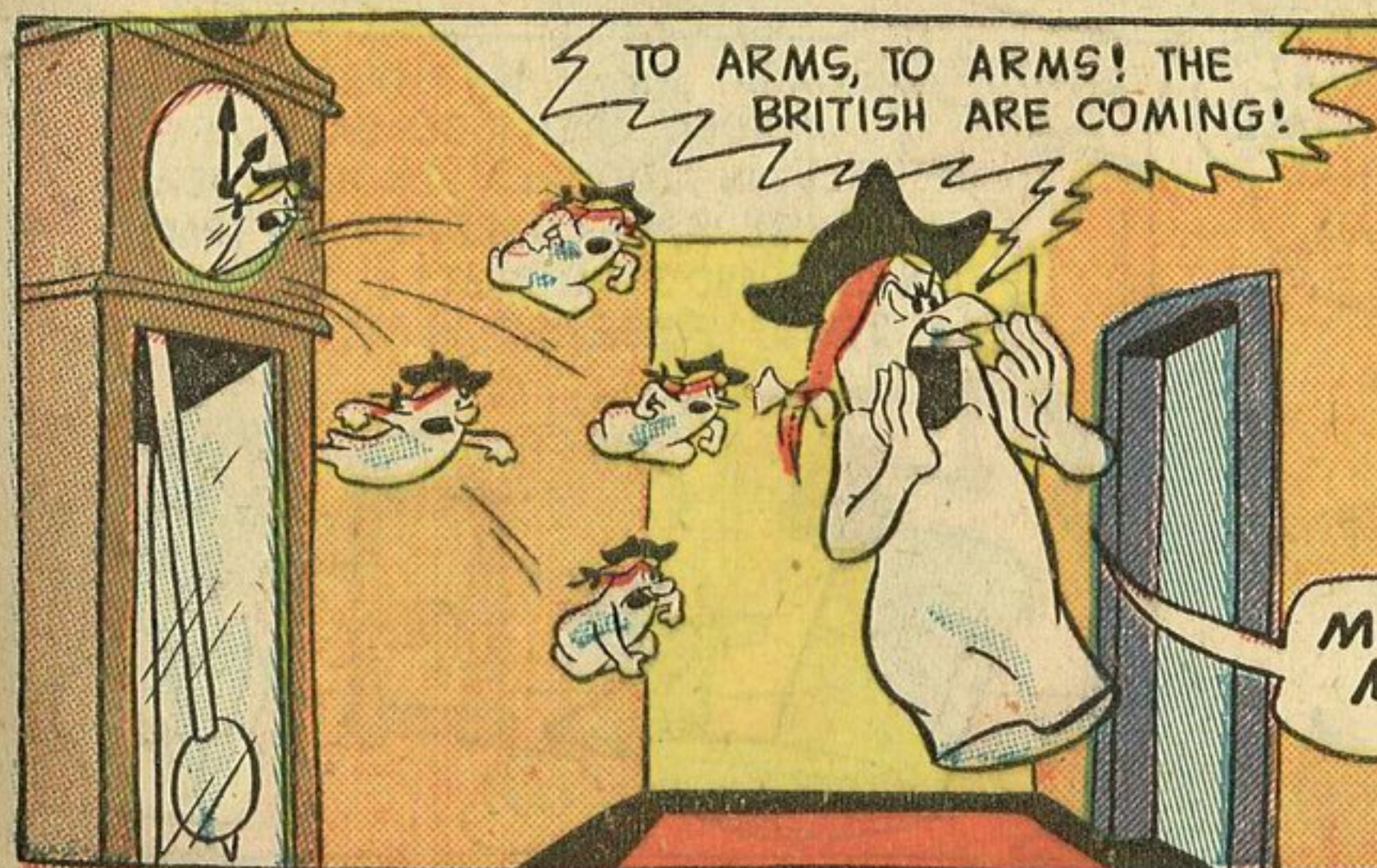
HELP!



STOP! ONE STEP NEARER AND I'LL USE MY **CLOCK** ON YOU!



GO AHEAD! THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO TO ME WITH A **CLOCK**!

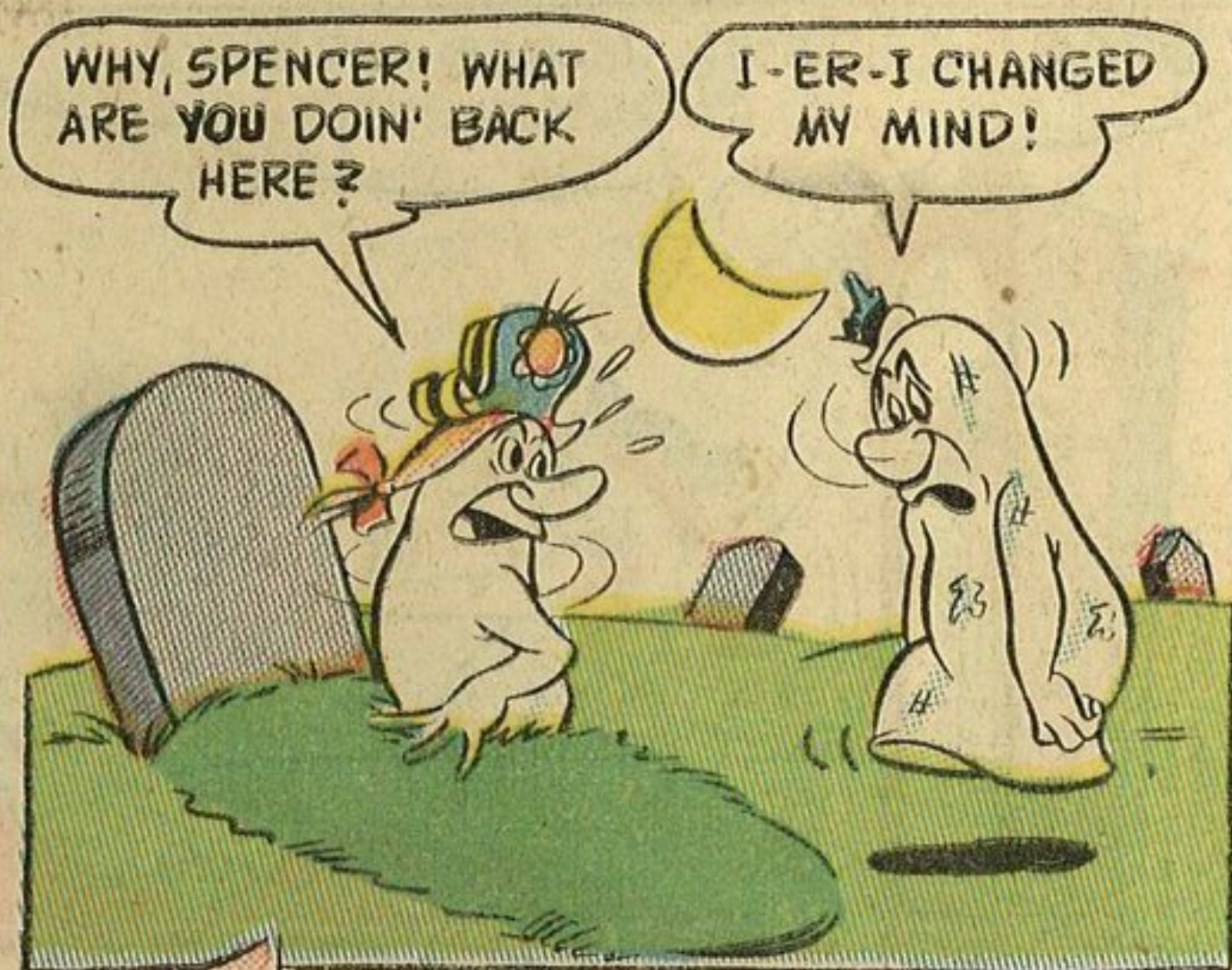
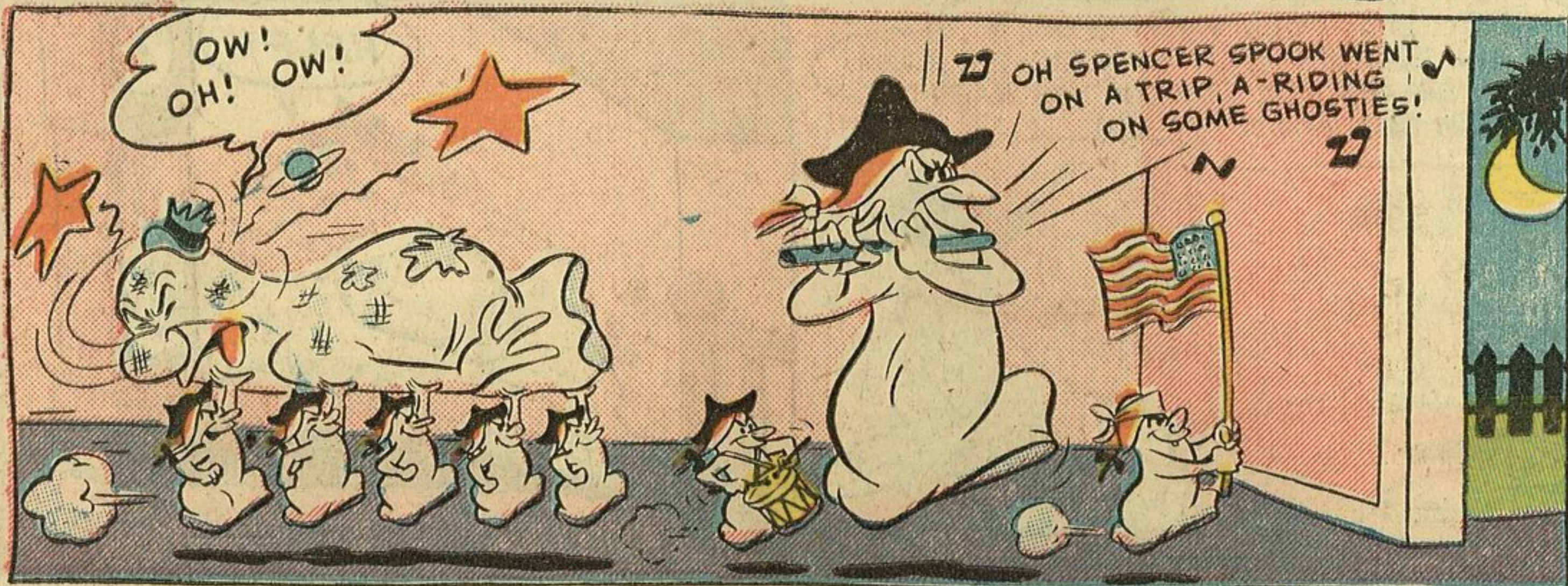
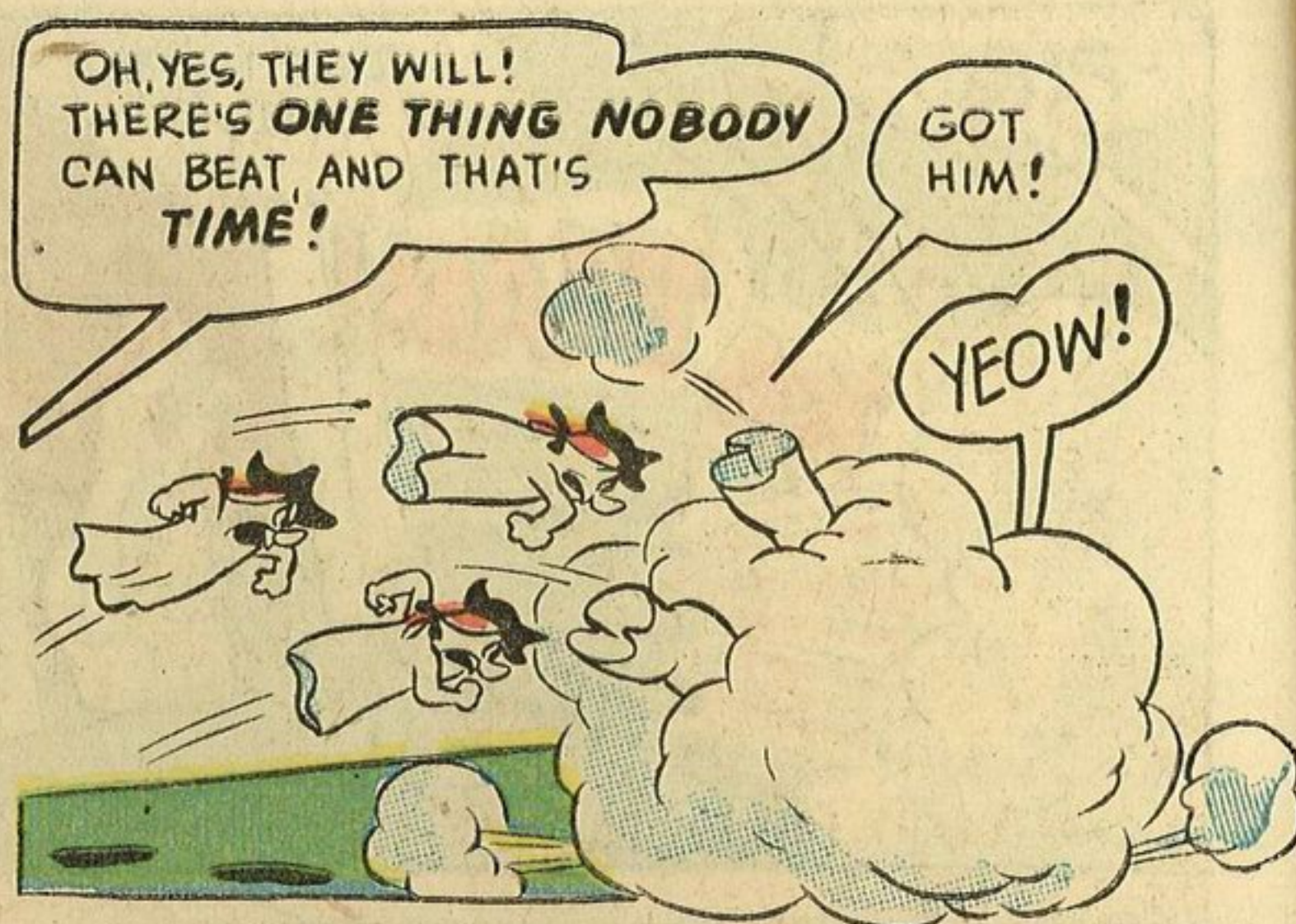
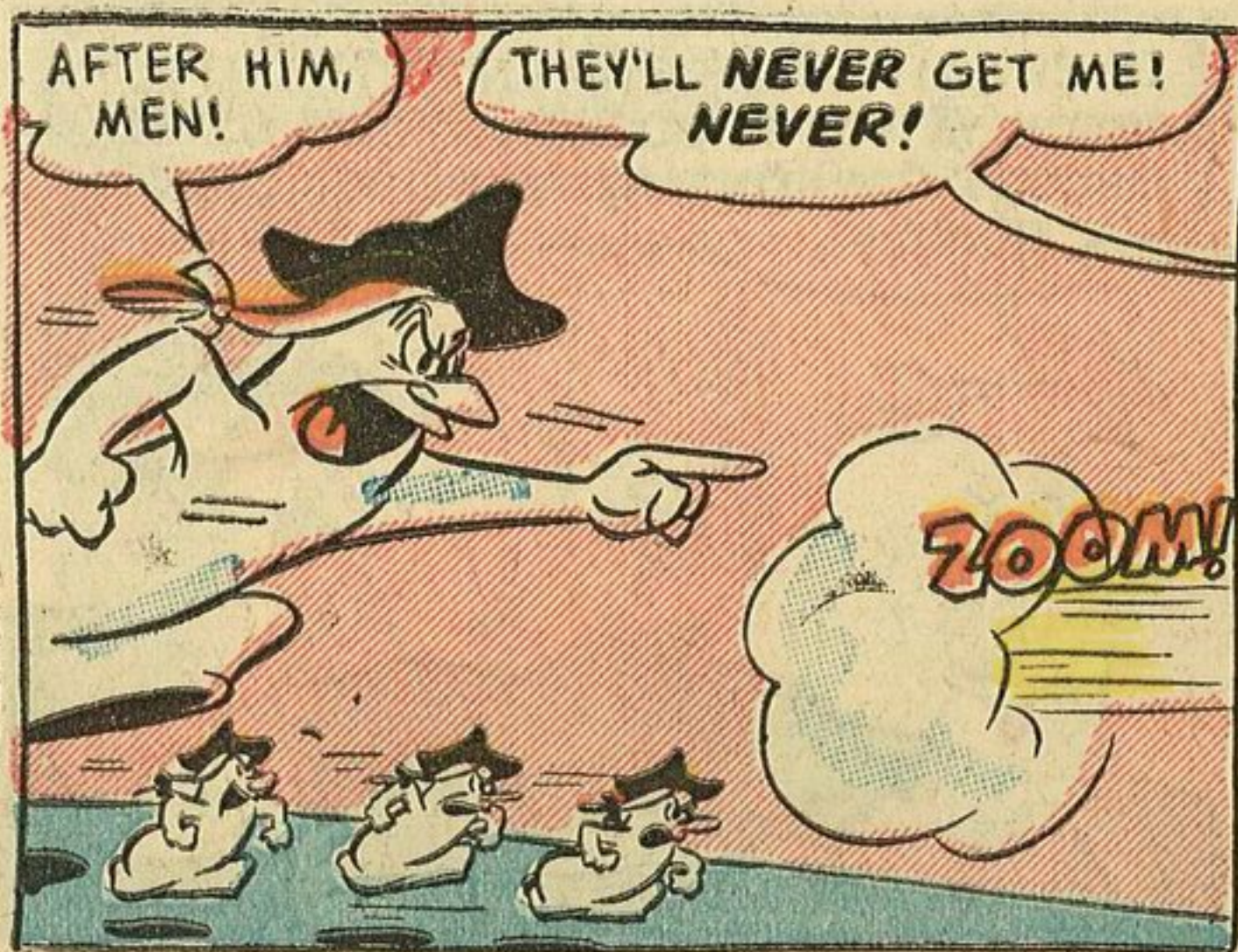


TO ARMS, TO ARMS! THE **BRITISH** ARE COMING!

MINUTE MEN!



YEIII! WHO ARE **THEY**!



the "POPSICLE" KIDS SAVE THE DAY

TESS AND TIM SOLVE A BIG GIFT PROBLEM

WOW! WE ALMOST FORGOT MOM AND POP'S WEDDING ANNIVERSARY!

IT'S NEXT WEEK AND I DON'T HAVE MUCH MONEY FOR A GIFT!

I'M BROKE TOO!

I GOT IT! WE'LL USE THE "POPSICLE" GIANT GIFT LIST!

TERRIFIC IDEA!

HERE'S A BEAUTIFUL PLASTIC APRON FOR MOM... A HUNTING KNIFE FOR DAD!

I'LL COUNT OUR BAGS!

THE BIG DAY

MY, WHAT A LOVELY APRON!

AND LOOK AT THIS SWELL HUNTING KNIFE!

YOU SAID IT! AND THESE "POPSICLE" GIFTS ARE SWELL PRESENTS FOR ANY OCCASION, FOR ANYONE, TOO!

SAVED BY THE BAGS WITH THE POLKA DOTS, EH KIDS?

Popsicle Pete

GET SWELL GIFTS...SAVE BAGS WITH POLKA DOTS!

...or any "on-a-stick" confection bag that reads: "POPSICLE PETE" & "SAVE THESE BAGS FOR GIFTS"



#15 TEA APRON
Beautiful vinyl plastic apron. Hand painted flower design. Ideal for Mother, daughter, sister. State choice of Kelly Green, Yellow or Royal Blue.
235 BAGS or 50¢ & 15 BAGS

#11 HUNTING KNIFE
Sturdy, precision-built with beautiful carved handle. 5" steel blade. leather sheath attaches to your belt.
200 BAGS or 55¢ & 25 BAGS

#116 BASEBALL EMBLEM SET
1 Large & 1 small emblem of your favorite National or American League team. Swell for sweater, jacket, cap. State team.
40 BAGS or 10¢ & 5 BAGS

GET THESE VALUABLE GIFTS and many more... ask for **GIANT GIFT LIST FREE** at your Ice Cream Store... or write to **"POPSICLE PETE"** at address nearest you

Address **"POPSICLE PETE"**
Dept. C, Box 678, N. Y. 46, N. Y.
2856 East 11 St., Los Angeles 23, Cal.
313 N. Highland Ave., N. E., Atlanta, Ga.

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ON THE HOOK!

THE big fishing tournament was on in Leafy Forest! Everyone hoped and prayed that *he* would be the one to win the contest by catching the most fish, but there was *one* fellow who was certain that *he* would be the winner!

"Yessireebub!" Randy Goat smirked, looking so conceited that it was a temptation to slap him. "I guess *I'm* about the smartest fisherman in these parts! Why, it would take a pretty shrewd fish to get the better of *me*, I can tell you that! You all might just as well give up and not even try, because *I'm* going to win this contest!"

As he bragged, he stood right at the edge of Silver Stream and pointed into its waters. "Every fish in that river had better *hide* when Randy Goat shows up! Just look at my fishing rod! It's better than any of yours, you'll allow!"

"Gosh, I guess it *is*!" admitted little Sandy Squirrel sadly. "*We* just have plain ol' wooden sticks and pieces of cord tied onto 'em! And it would be so much fun to win the contest!"

"Just forget it, because *I'm* going to win!" Randy Goat said as he walked off, waving his beautiful fishing pole to tease and tantalize the others.

Now, Randy had no idea that some of the fish in the stream had gathered near the top of the water to hear the conversation, for naturally, *they* were very interested in the fishing contest, too.

"Hmmm," a wise old trout remarked thoughtfully, "Randy Goat is *certain-sure* he's going to win!"

"I don't *like* him," a little minnow piped up. "I hope he *doesn't*!"

"I said *he* was sure," the wise old trout answered, "but *I'm* not! Why don't you swim along and ask all the

fish you meet to come to see me? I have an idea I'd like to tell them!"

One hour later, the banks of Silver Stream were lined with contestants and folk who had come to watch and cheer. The starter, a cricket with a very loud chirp, gave the signal, and a hundred fishing lines were cast into the waters!

"Ha!" Randy Goat sneered loudly. "You don't have to try, because you're all wasting your time! Why, *I've* got a bite already!"

Sure enough, the line straightened and began to jerk as though something were tugging at the other end. Randy pulled, but the line wouldn't budge!

"It's a whopper!" he yelled. "I'll bet *I've* caught the biggest fish in Silver Stream! Give up, everybody . . . and watch *me*!"

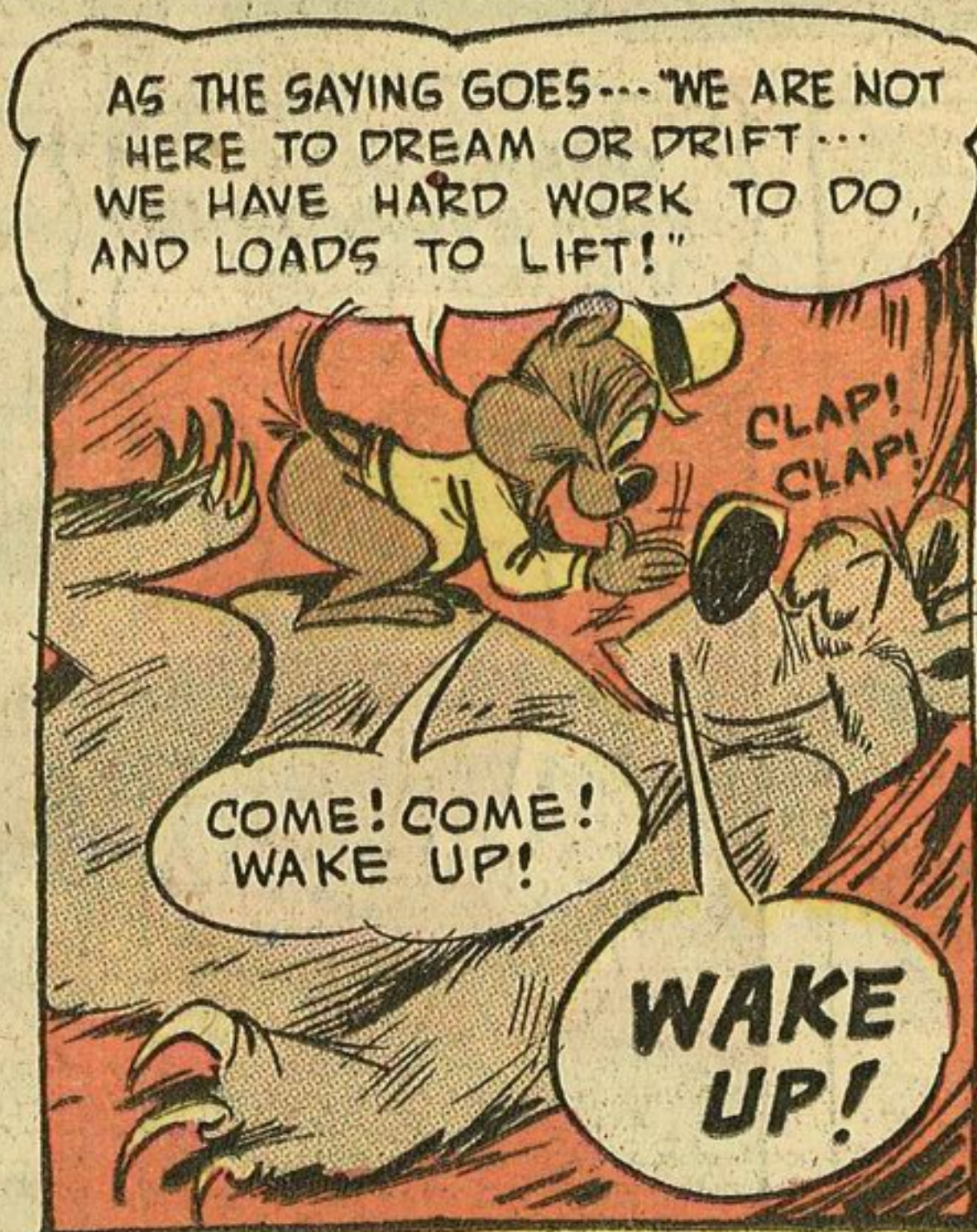
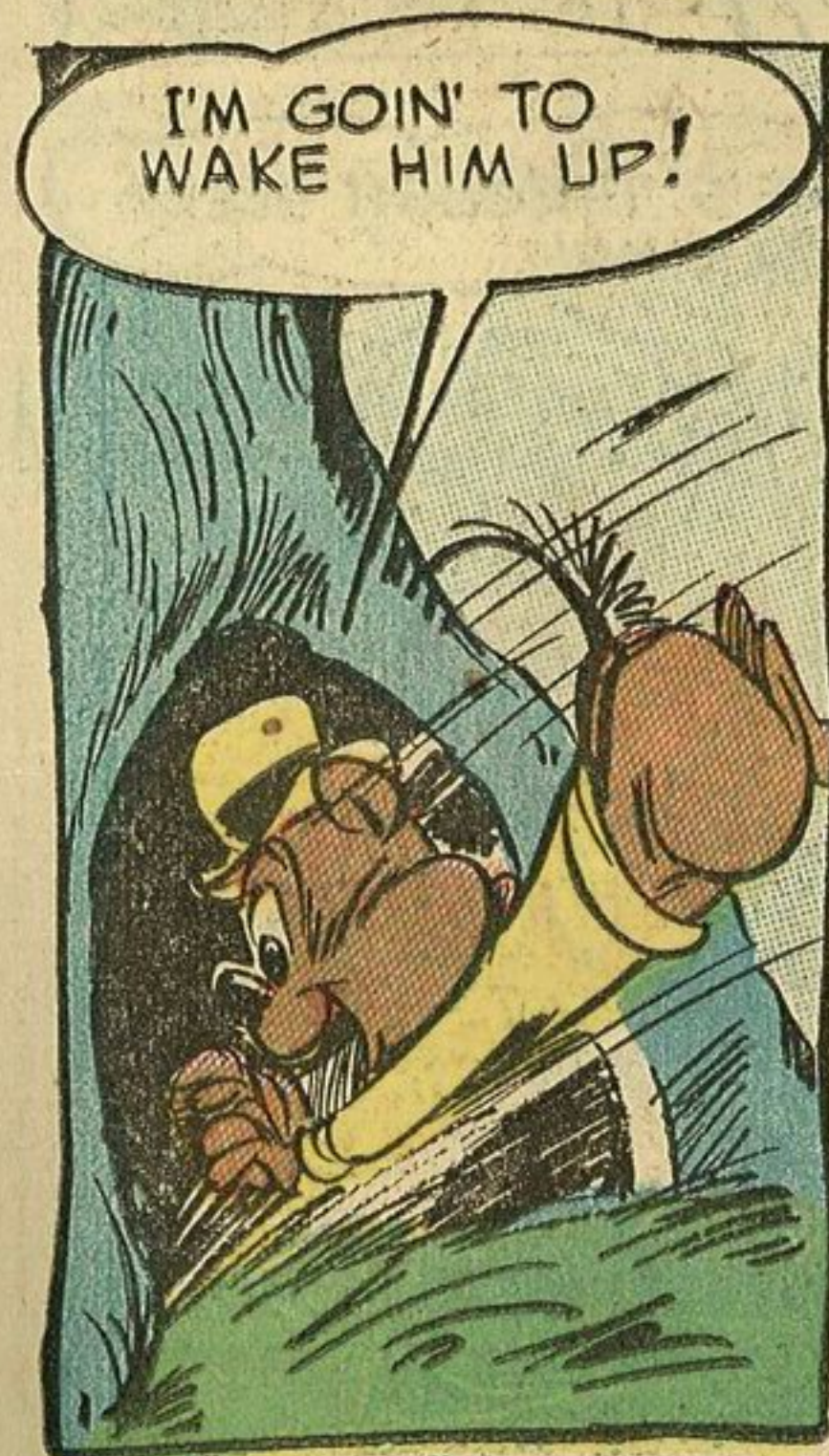
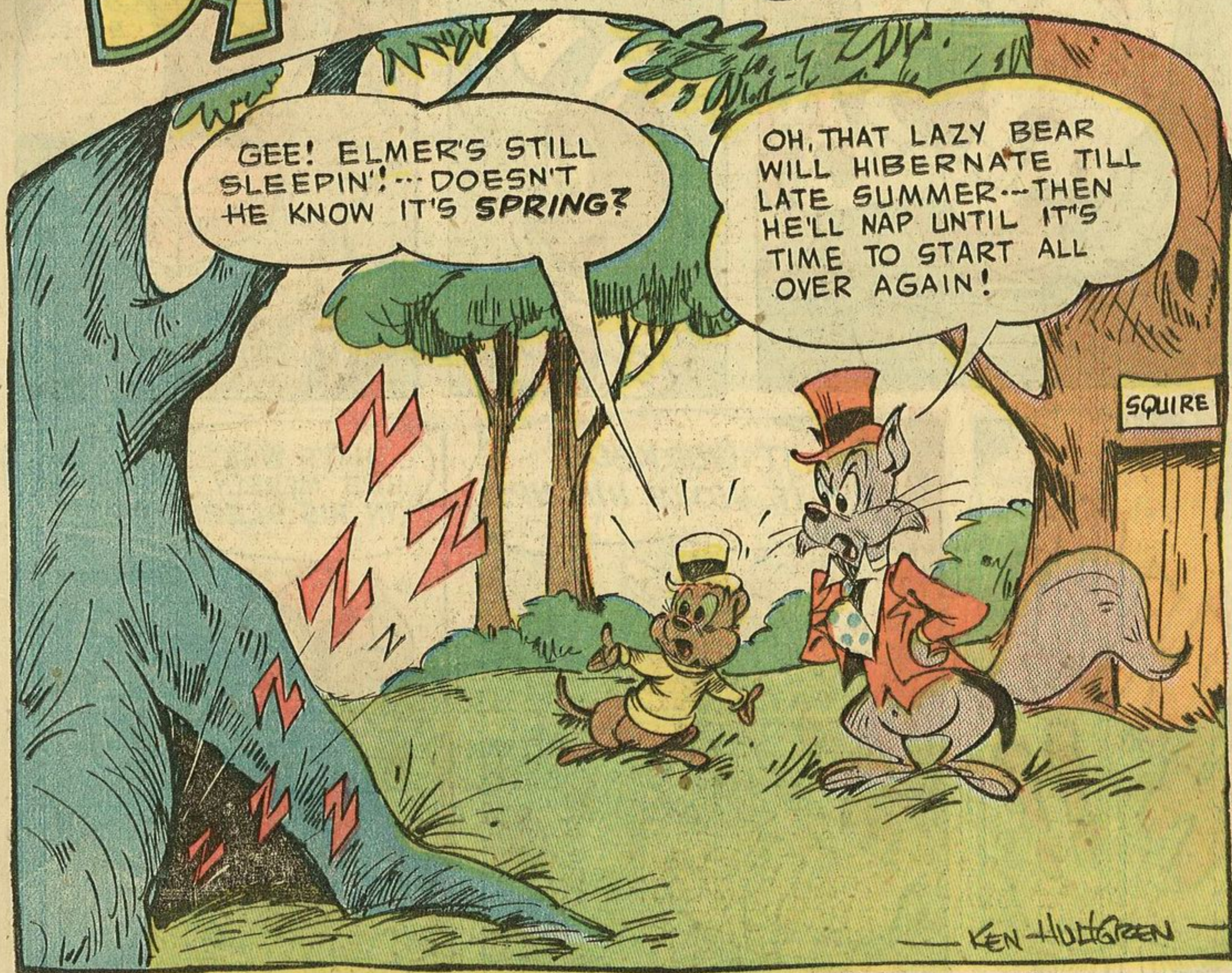
"*I knew* it!" Sandy Squirrel said unhappily. "*He is* going to win! Just look at him, trying to lift that big, heavy fish out of Silver Stream!"

Indeed, Randy pulled and tugged, tugged and pulled, but the harder he yanked, the tighter and firmer the line became! He pulled till the muscles popped out on his arms and his eyes popped in his head! He pulled till he turned beet red! And then . . .

"*Here it comes!*" he yelled.

But, instead of pulling a fish *out* of the water, Randy Goat was pulled *into* the water! For every fish in Silver Stream had gathered to tug at the end of Randy's line and the great fisherman had been caught by the fish! He looked mighty silly, too, dangling at the end of his own fishing pole and he felt sillier when the starter chirped, "The contest has been won by *the fish*, themselves, for they've made the biggest catch of all! And the *loser* is . . . Randy Goat!"

The SQUIRE and the CHIP





IT'S NO USE!...IT
WOULD TAKE
DYNAMITE TO
MOVE HIM!...



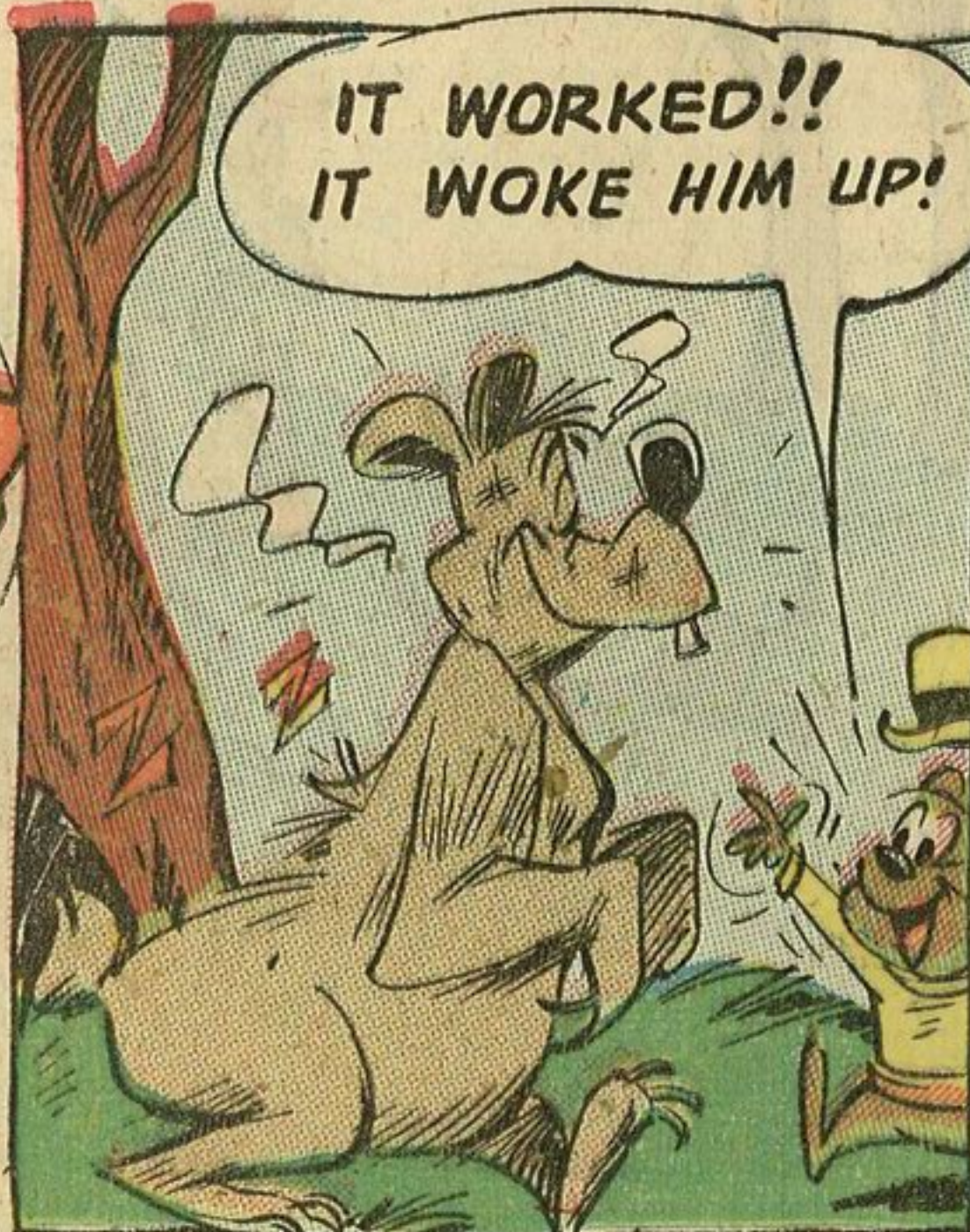
...SO I'LL **USE**
DYNAMITE!!



AND SO!

IT WON'T
BE LONG NOW!

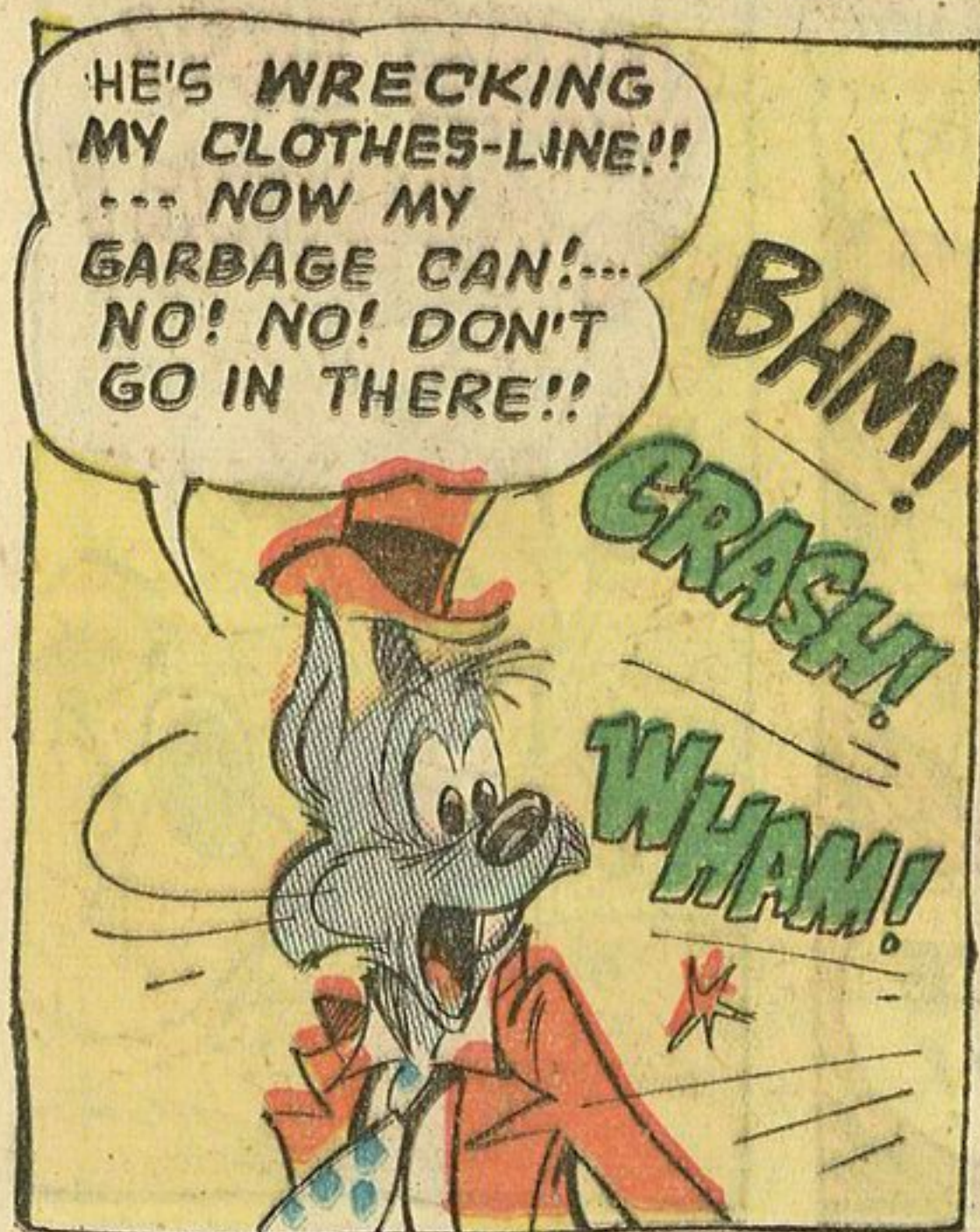
S-S-S-



IT WORKED!!
IT WOKE HIM UP!



THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!
HE'S MERELY **WALKING**
IN HIS SLEEP!



HE'S **WRECKING**
MY CLOTHES-LINE!!
... NOW MY
GARBAGE CAN!...
NO! NO! DON'T
GO IN THERE!!

BAM!
CRASH!
WHAM!

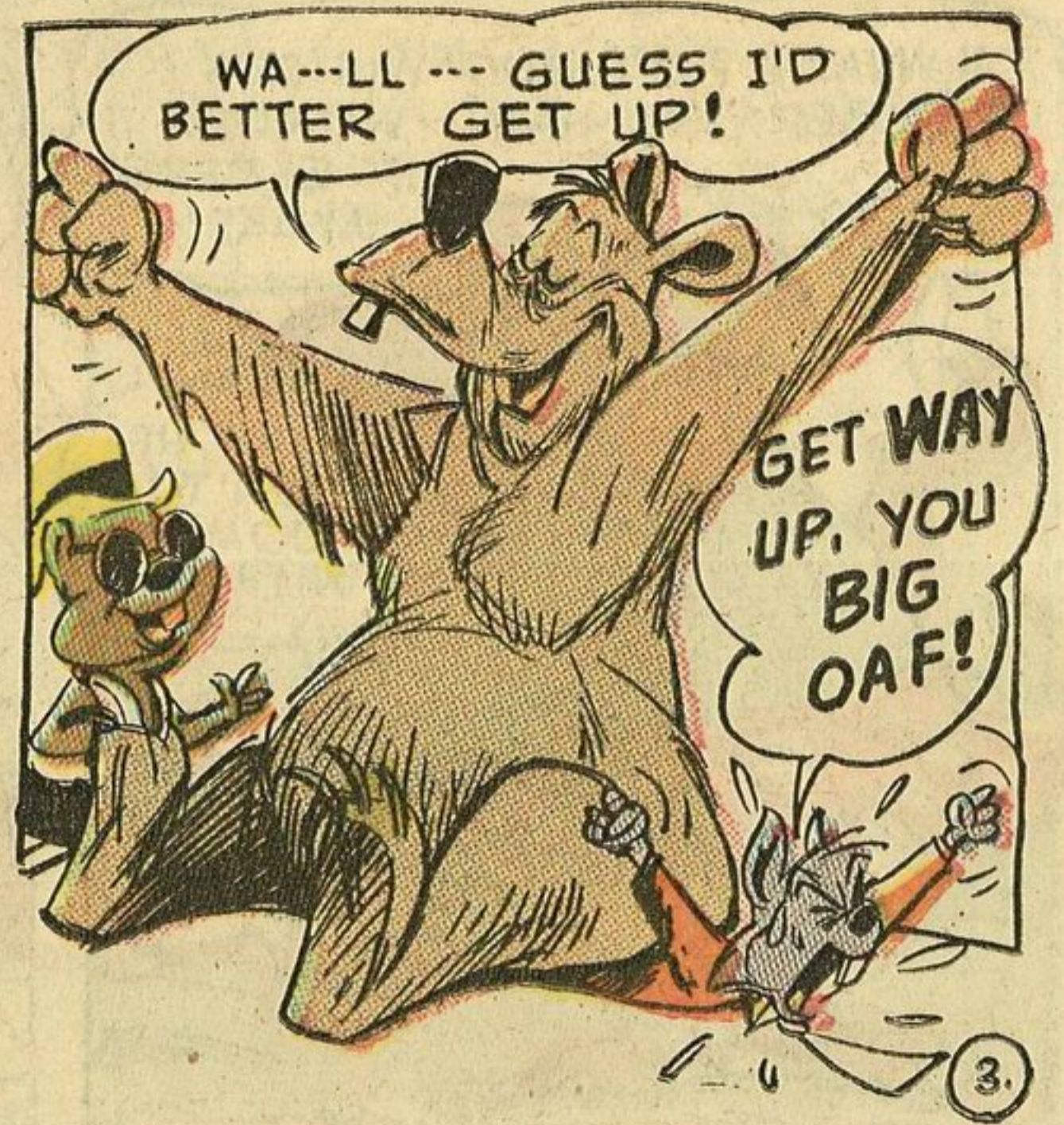
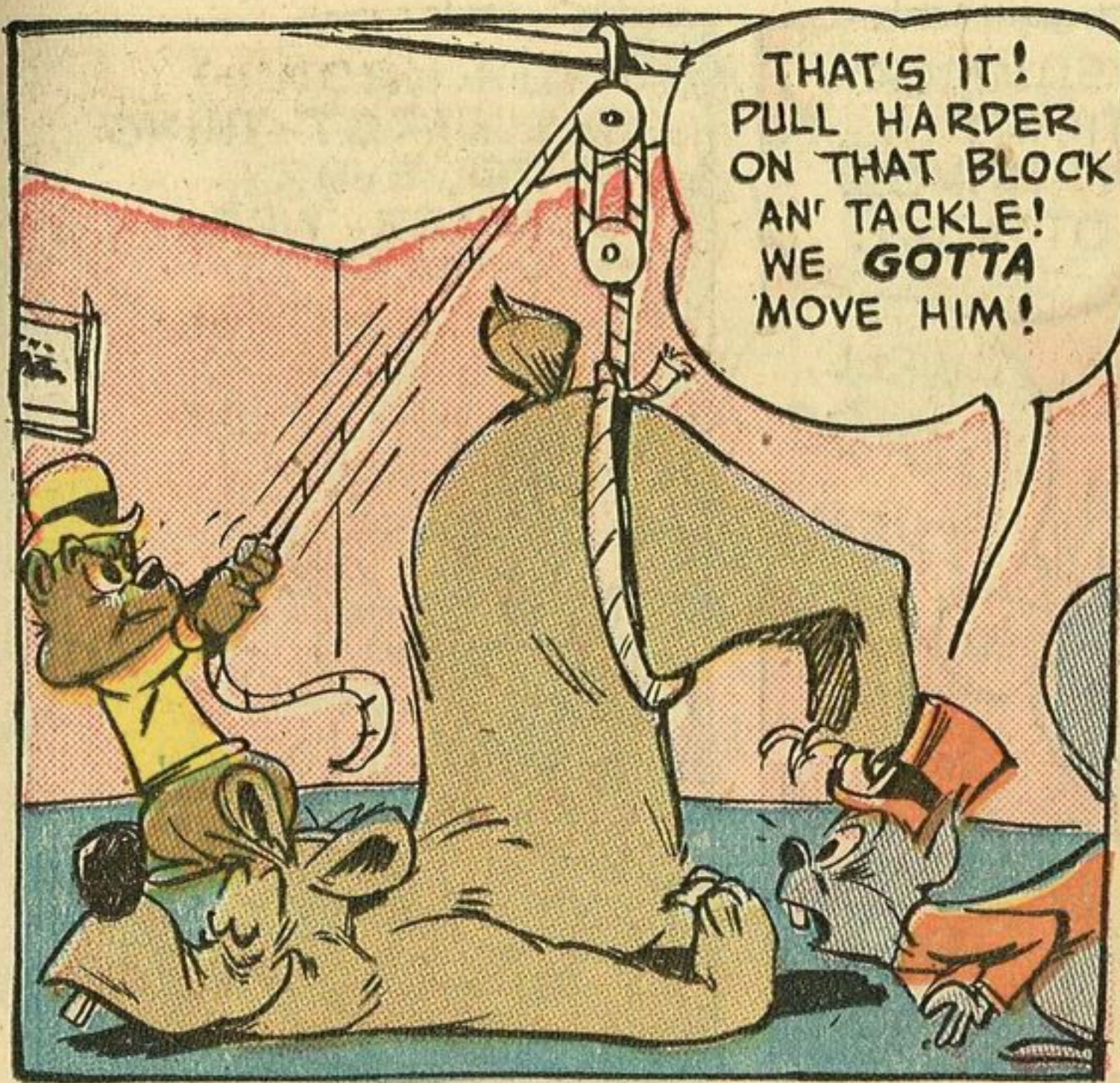


OH!! HE'LL
RUIN EVERYTHING
IF I DON'T GET
HIM OUT QUICK!



HE'S **THROUGH SLEEP**
WALKING!

YEAH, NOW HE'S
LYING DOWN---
IN MY HOUSE!





PARDON ME!

OHH-H!
MY
ACHIN'
BACK!



BEIN' SUMMER-
TIME, THAR'S A
LOT OF THINGS
I GOTTA DO!

WELL,
GO DO
THEM!



YUH KNOW---
THE **FIRST** THING
I DO EVERY
SUMMER WHEN
I WAKE UP---



---I TAKE A NICE
LONG NAP!

A H H-H-H!



NO, I AM
NOT TRYING
TO KEEP
WARM!

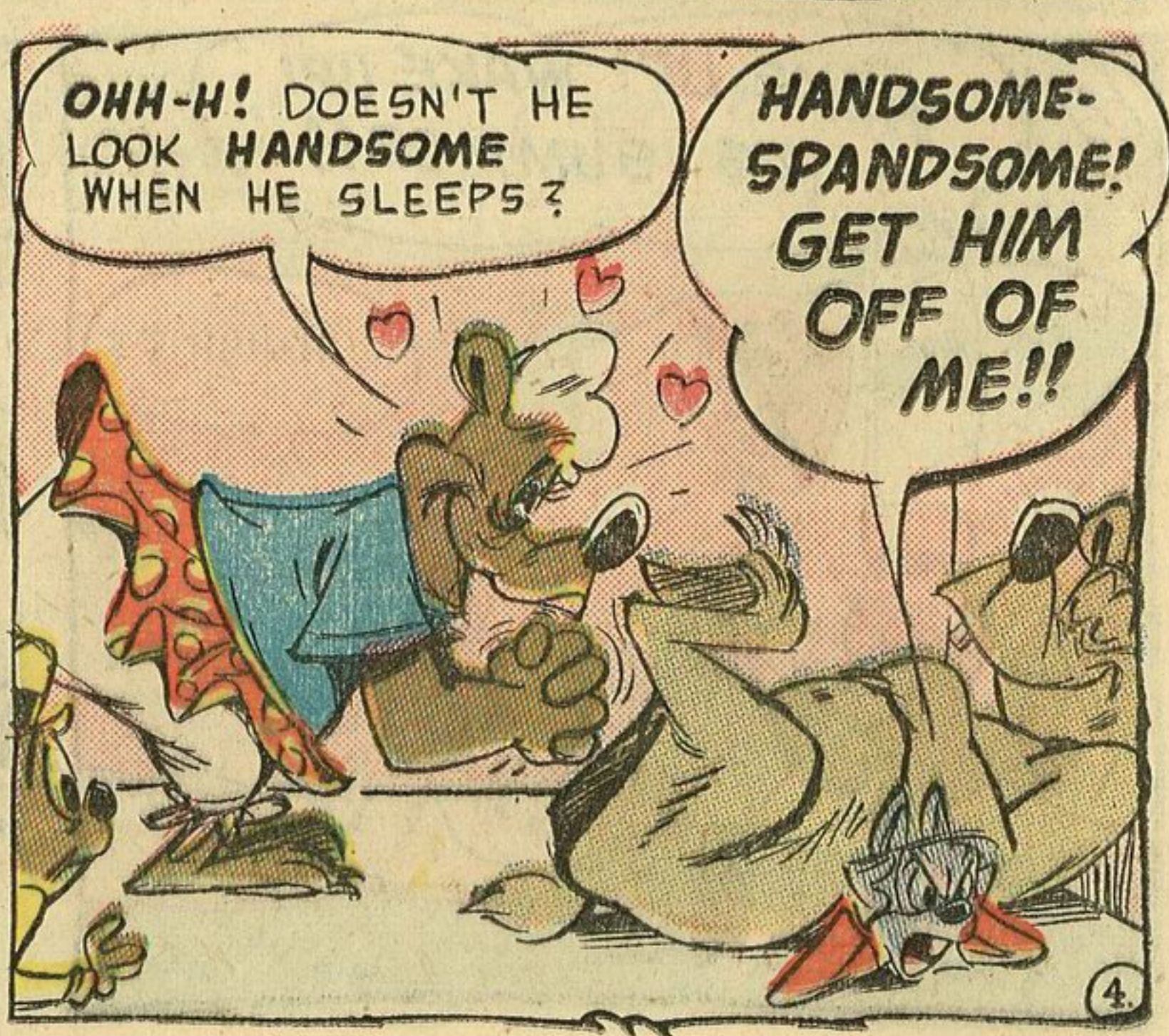


GO GET
JEWEL,
HIS GIRL
FRIEND---
SHE'S THE
ONLY ONE
WHO HAS THE
STRENGTH TO
MOVE HIM!



OH, WHAT A PRECIOUS WINTER'S
SLUMBER I'VE HAD!---WONDER
IF ELMER'S
AWAKE!

NO, HE
ISN'T!
COME
WITH ME!



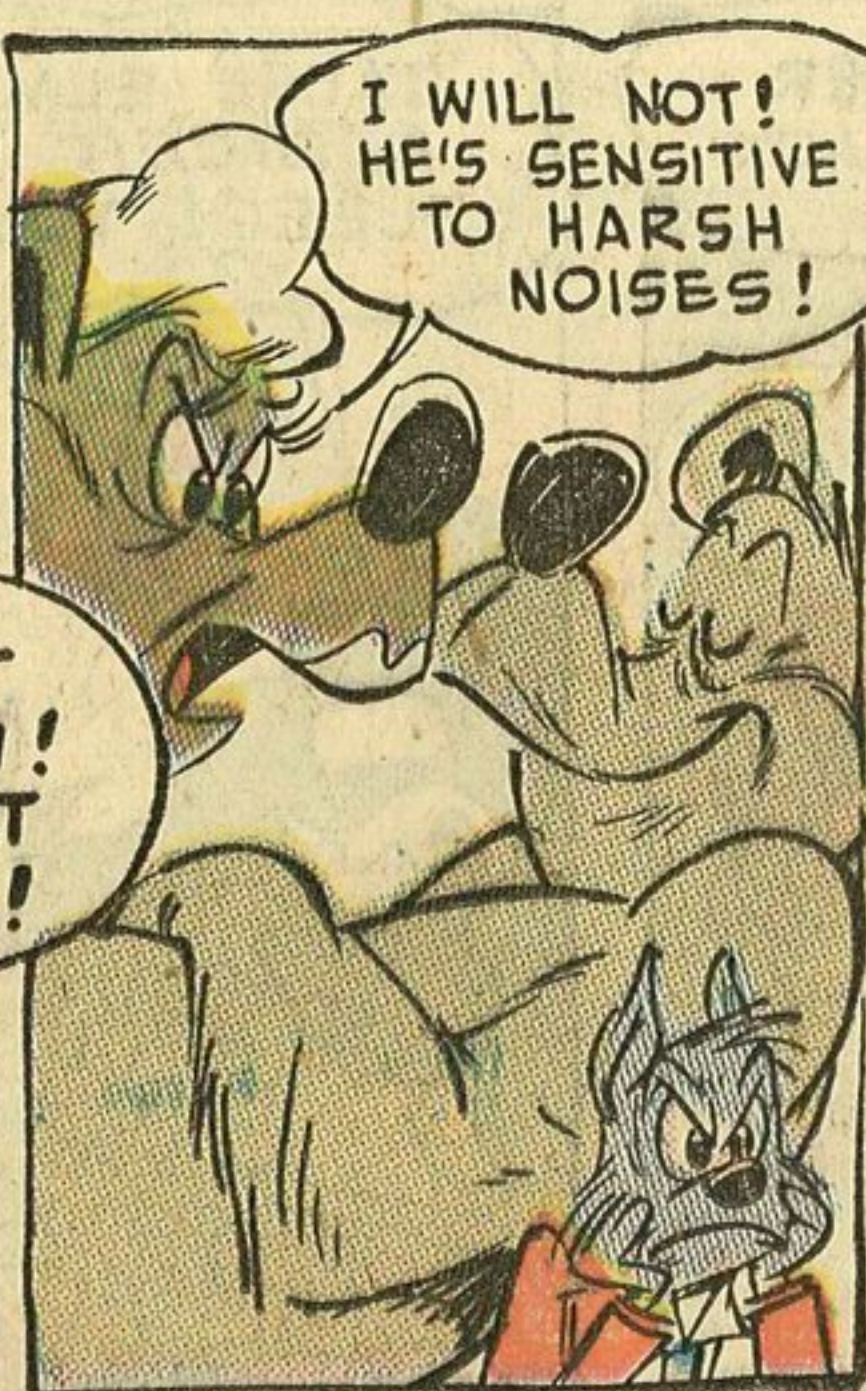
OHH-H! DOESN'T HE
LOOK **HANDSOME**
WHEN HE SLEEPS?

**HANDSOME-
SPANDSOME!**
GET HIM
OFF OF
ME!!



YOO-HOO! EL-MER!
IT'S YOUR SWEETIE!
--- WAKE UP!

DON'T
CROON!
YELL AT
HIM!



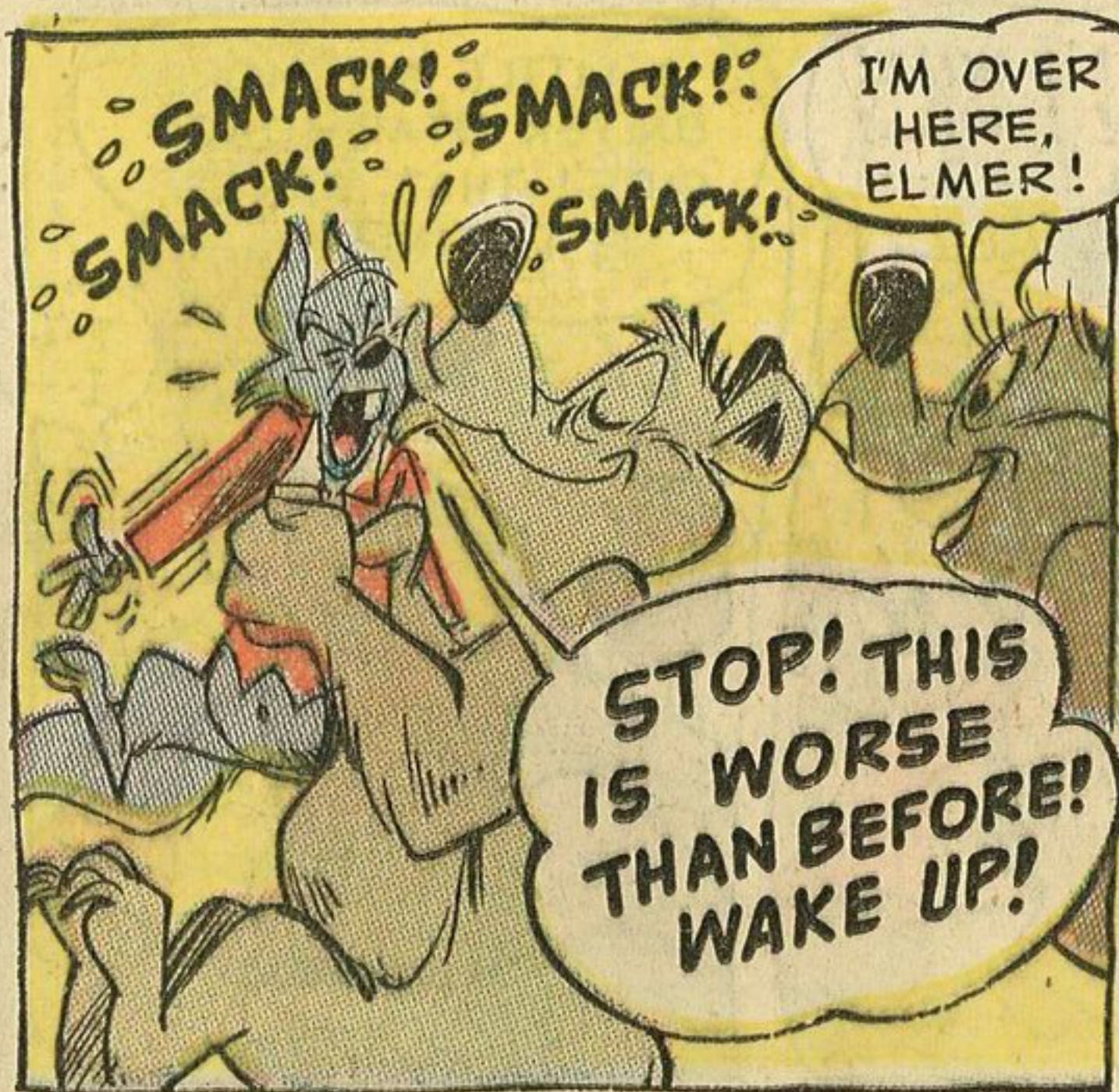
I WILL NOT!
HE'S SENSITIVE
TO HARSH
NOISES!



OH, TWINKLE-TOES!
IT'S YOUR LITTLE
JEWELY-PIE!

OH,
JEWELY!

NOT
ME, YOU
BIG APE!



SMACK! SMACK!
SMACK! SMACK!

I'M OVER
HERE,
ELMER!

STOP! THIS
IS WORSE
THAN BEFORE!
WAKE UP!

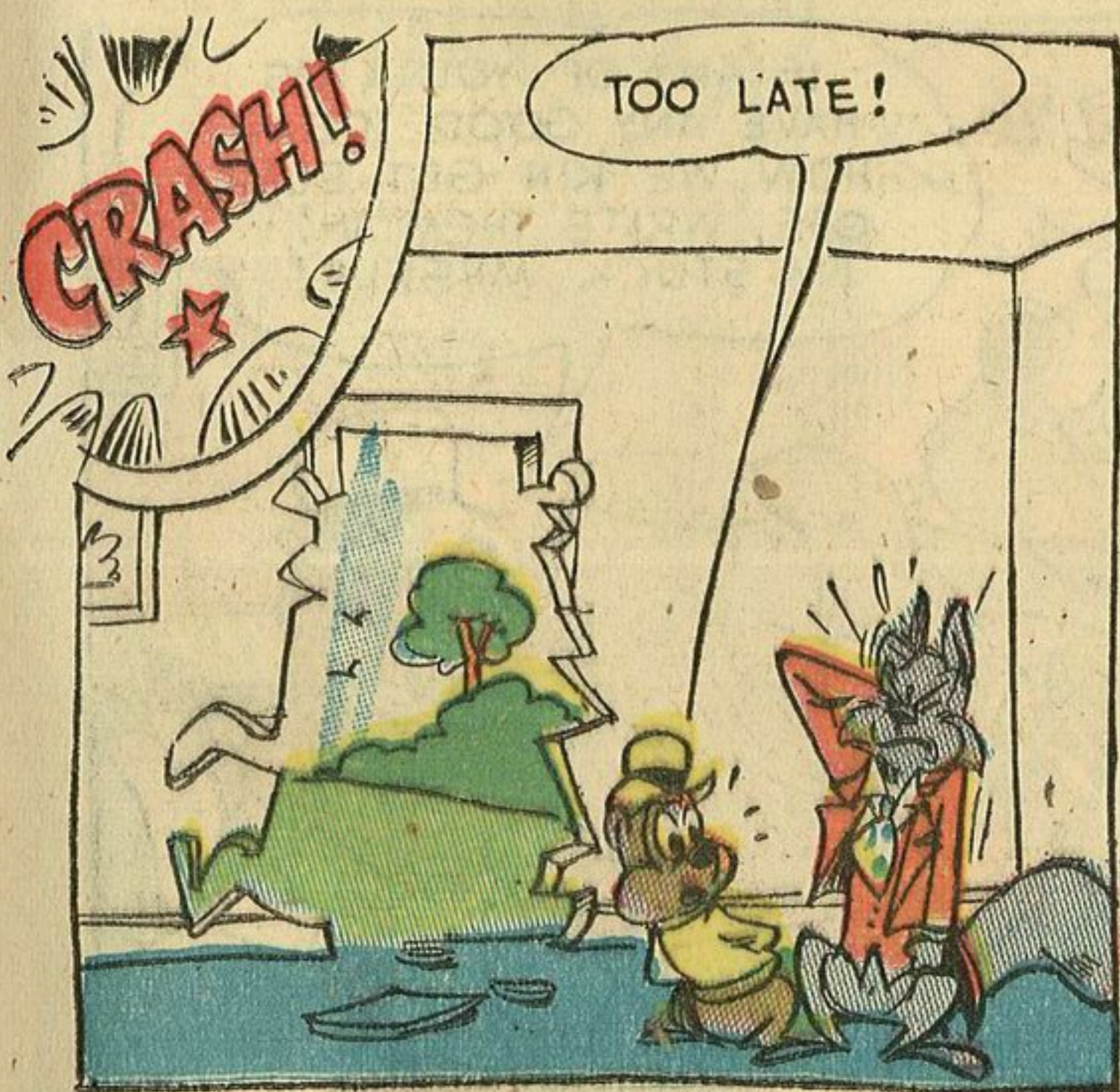


JEWELY!!



COME, ELMER
DEAR... LET'S GO!

NO! NO! DON'T
BOTH OF YOU TRY
TO GO THROUGH THAT
DOOR AT ONCE!



CRASH!

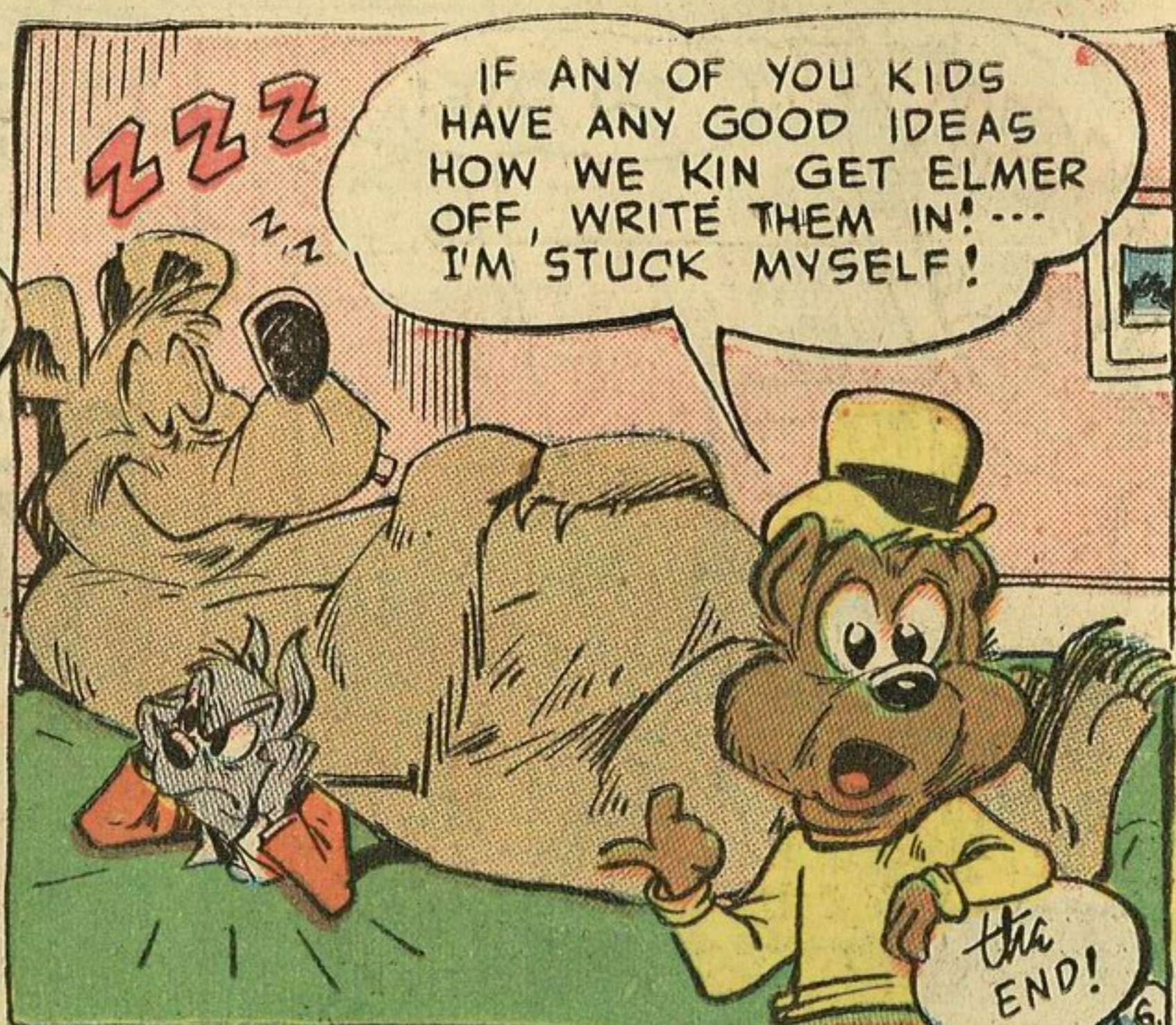
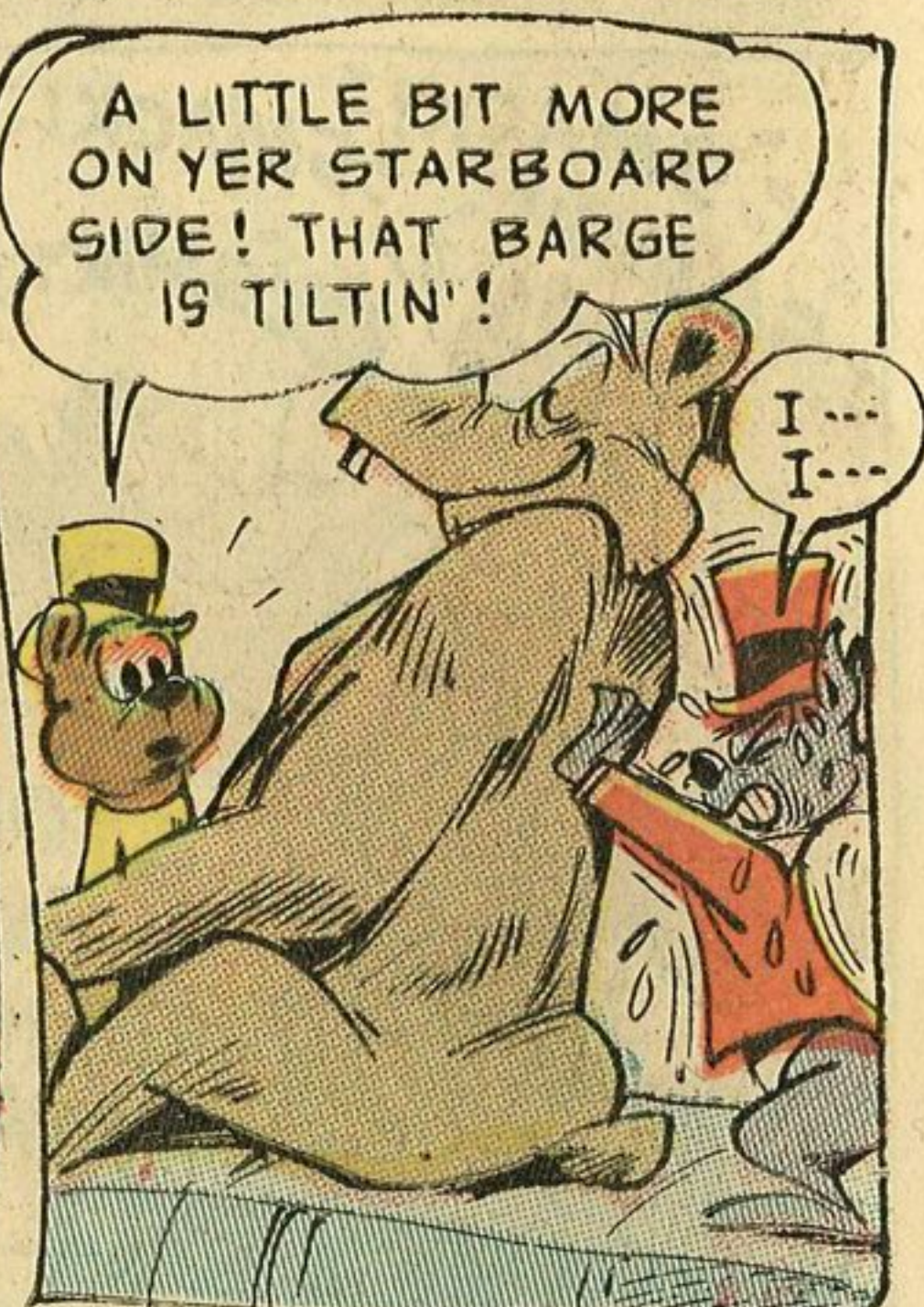
TOO LATE!



LATER

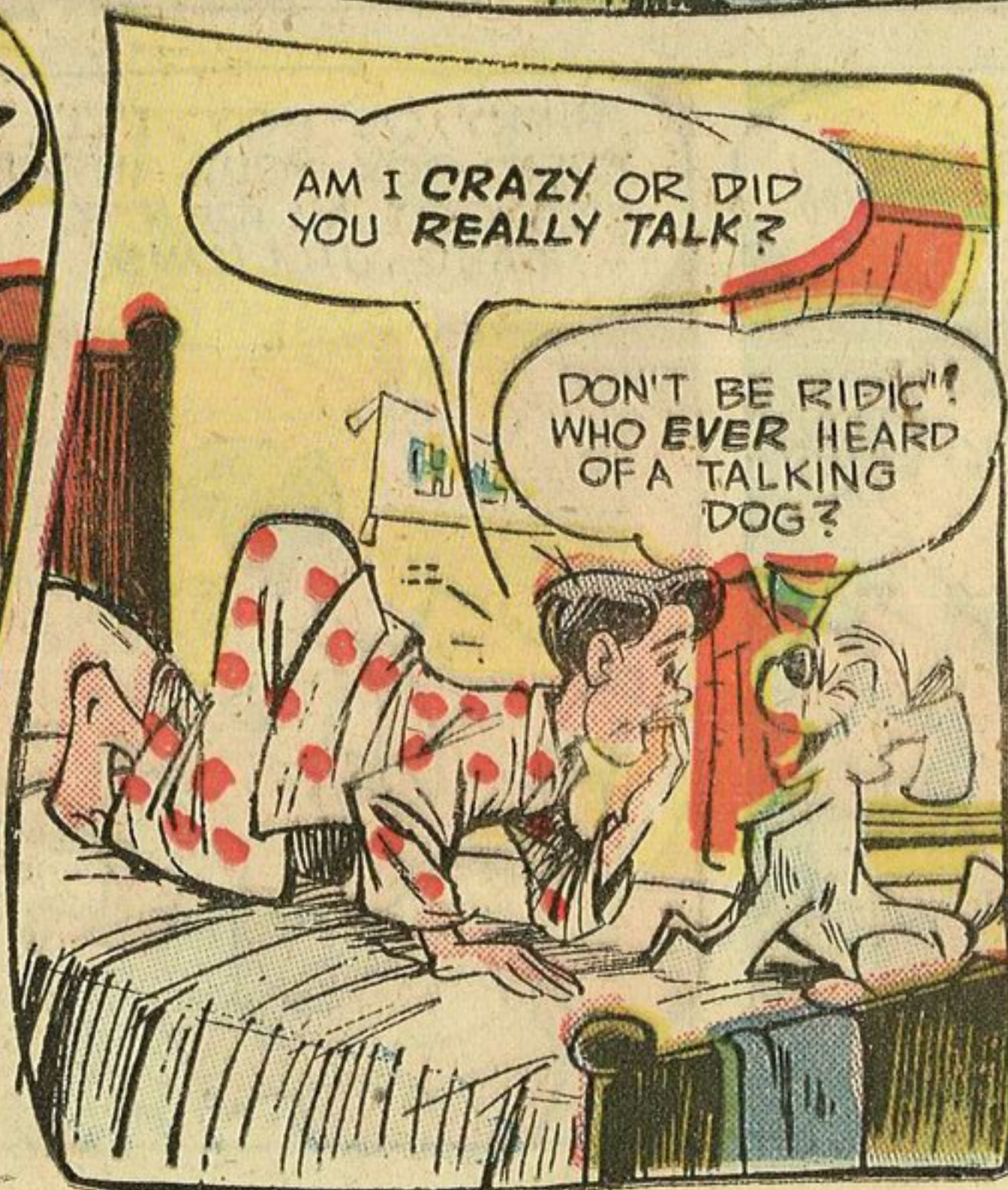
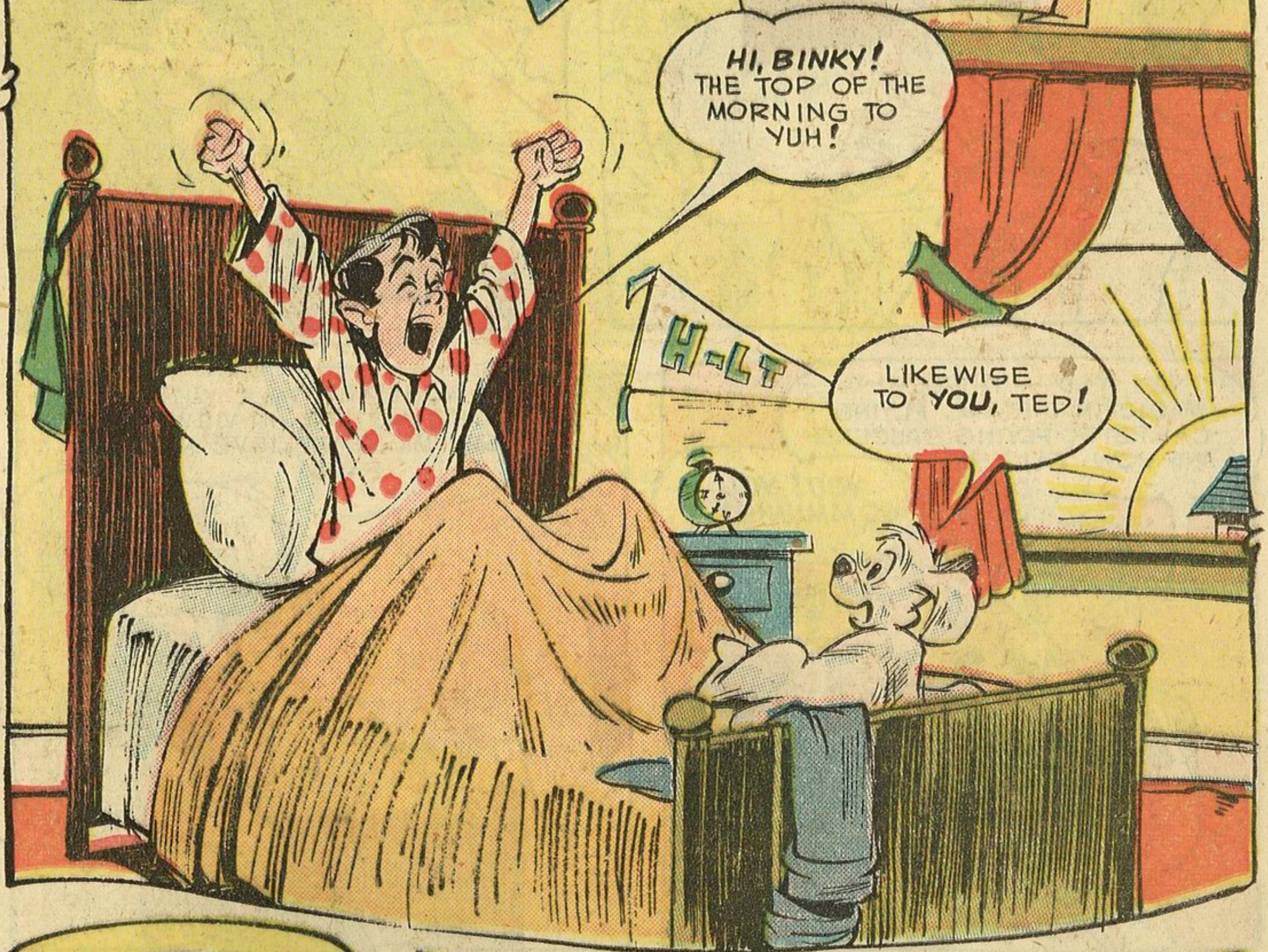
'WOTCHA
DOIN'?

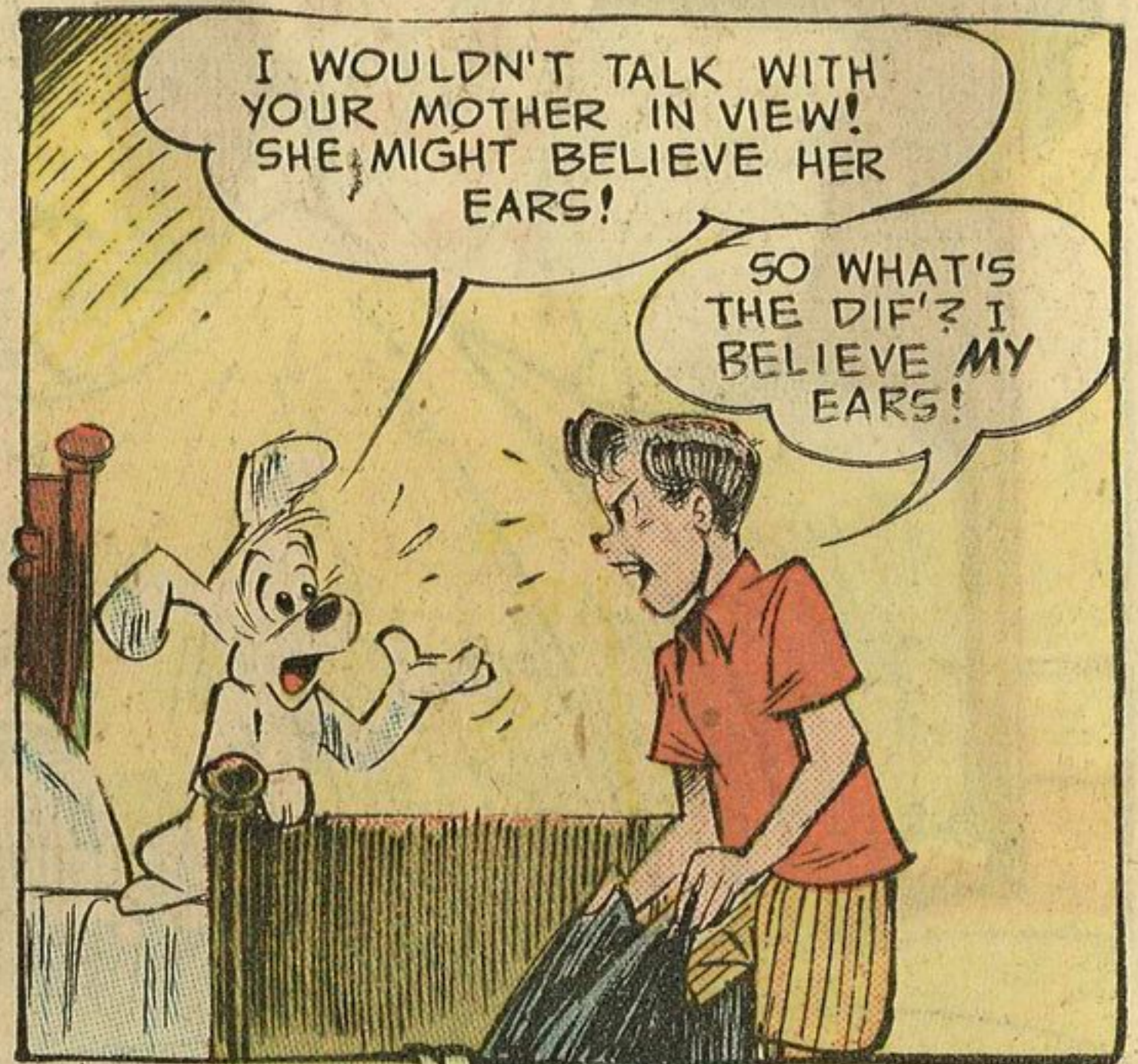
I'M BOARDIN'
UP THE HOLE UNDER
THIS TREE SO
THAT BEAR WILL
NEVER PARK HIS
DUMB HULK HERE
AGAIN!

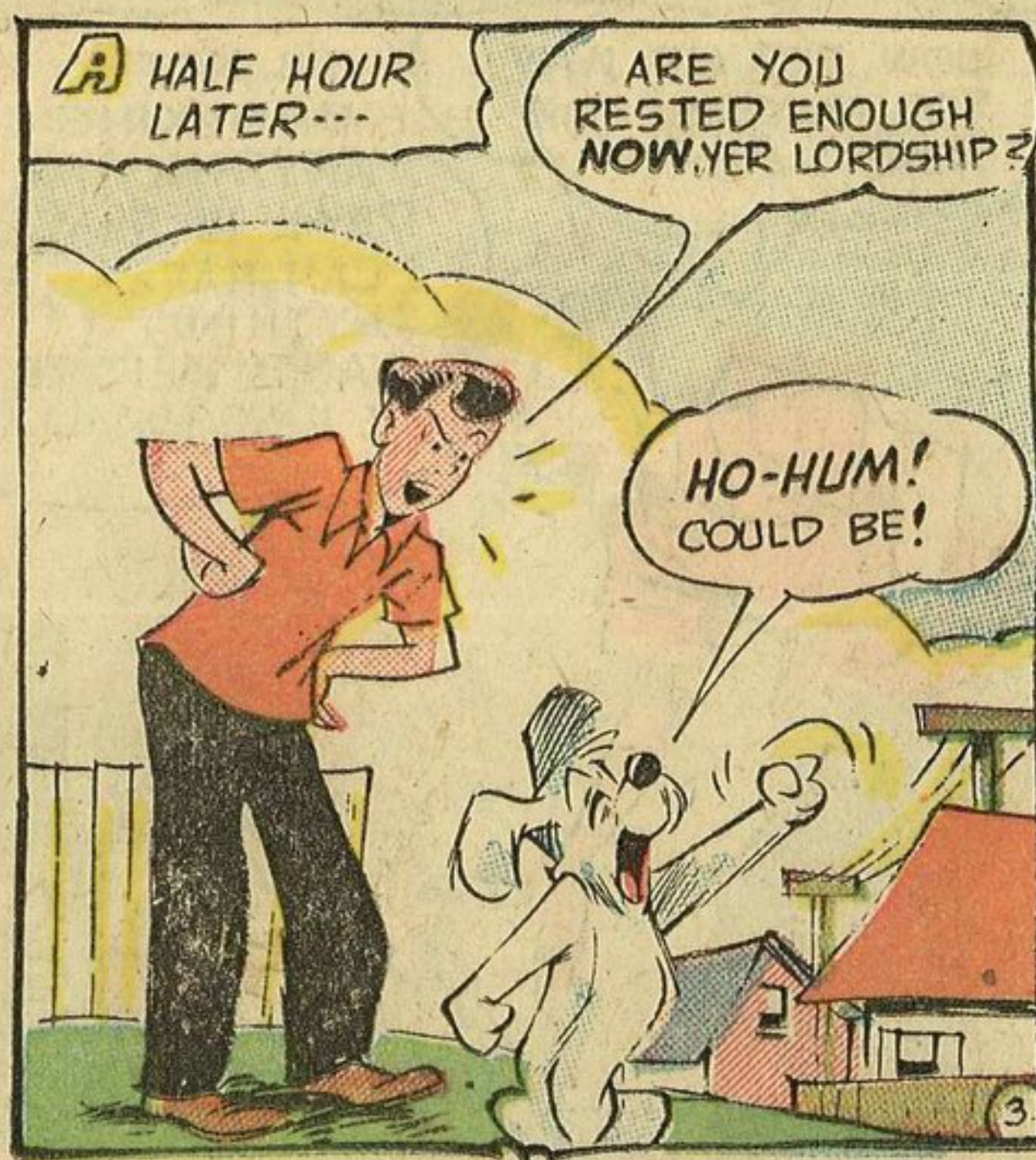
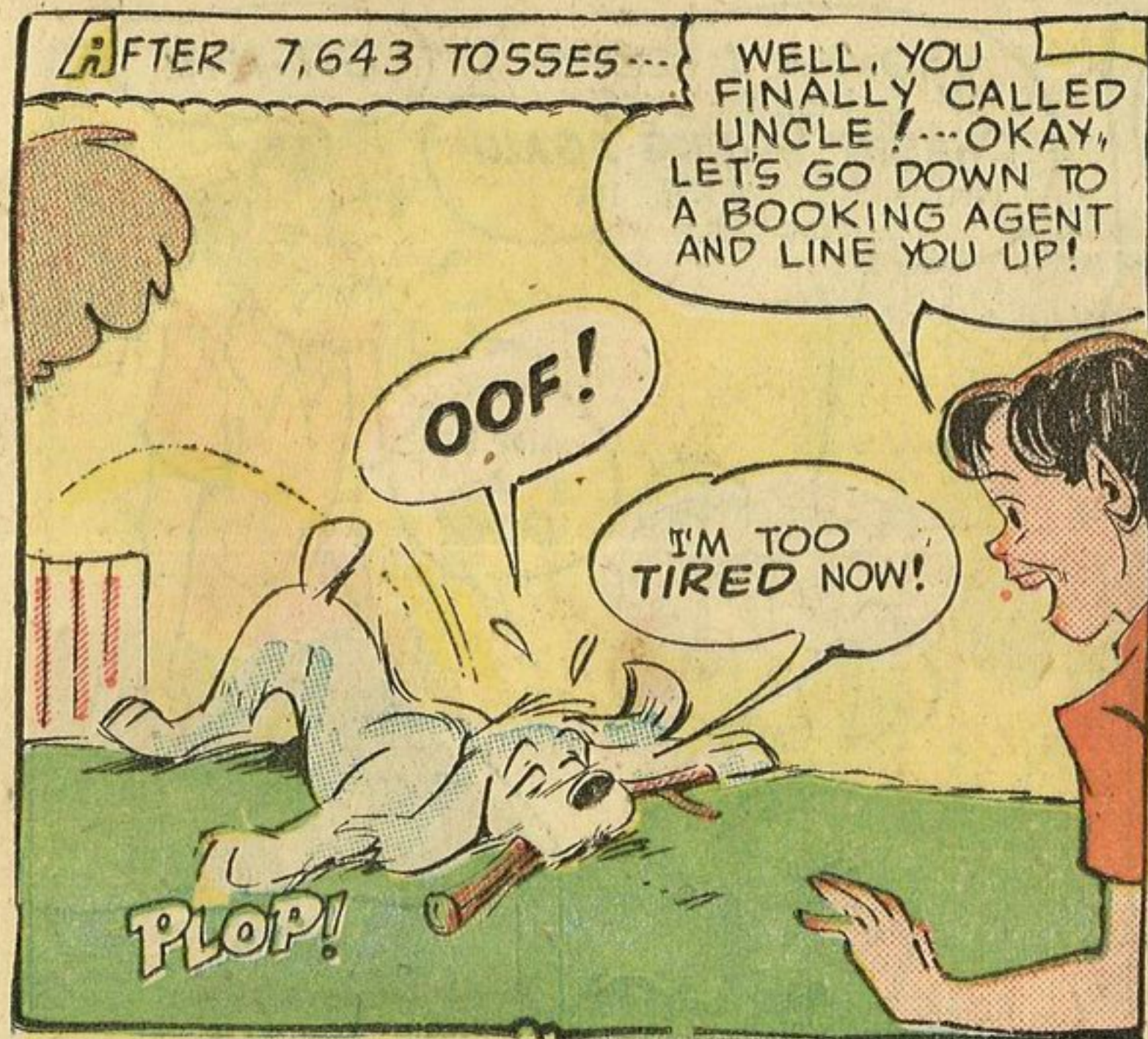


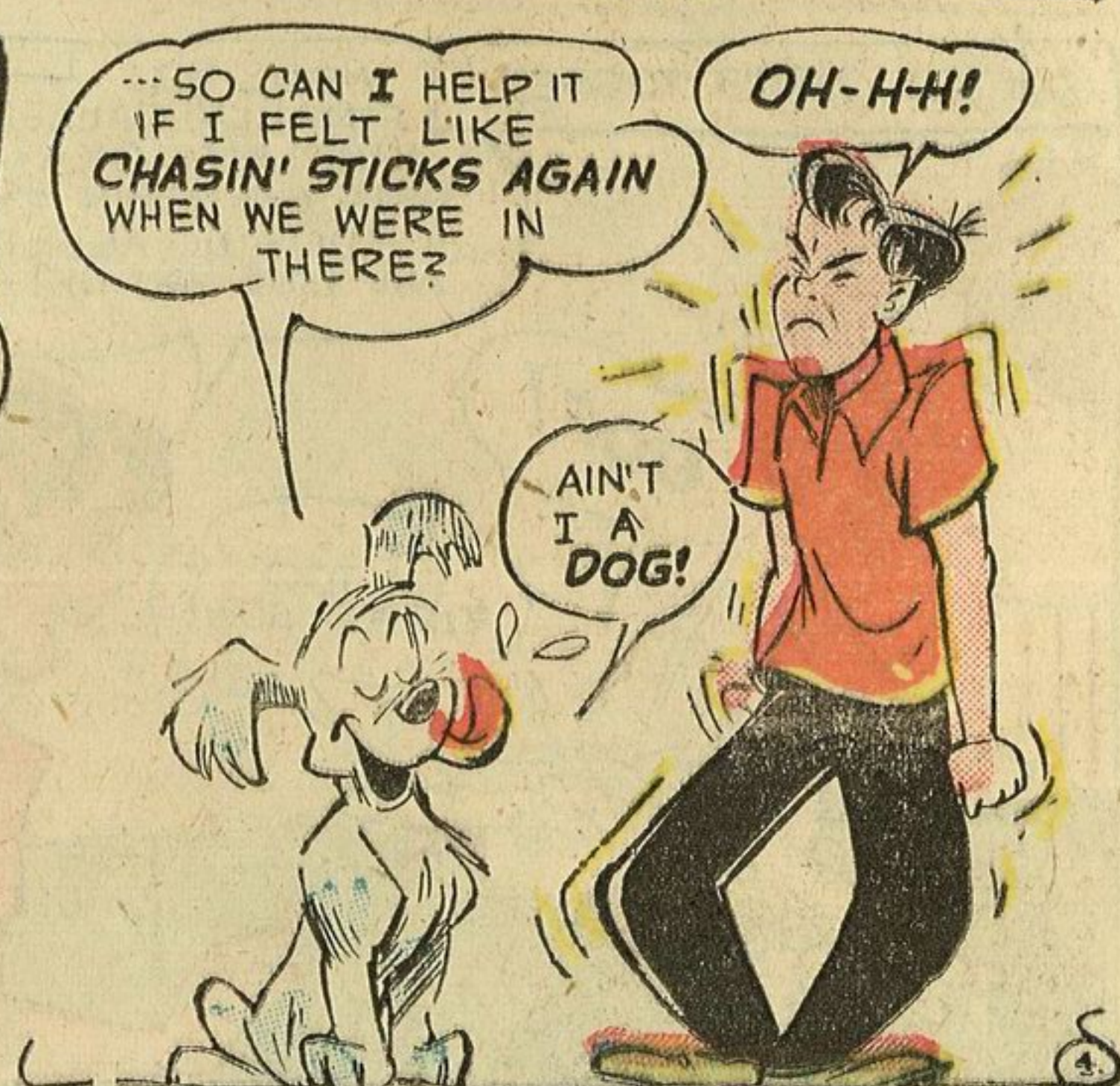
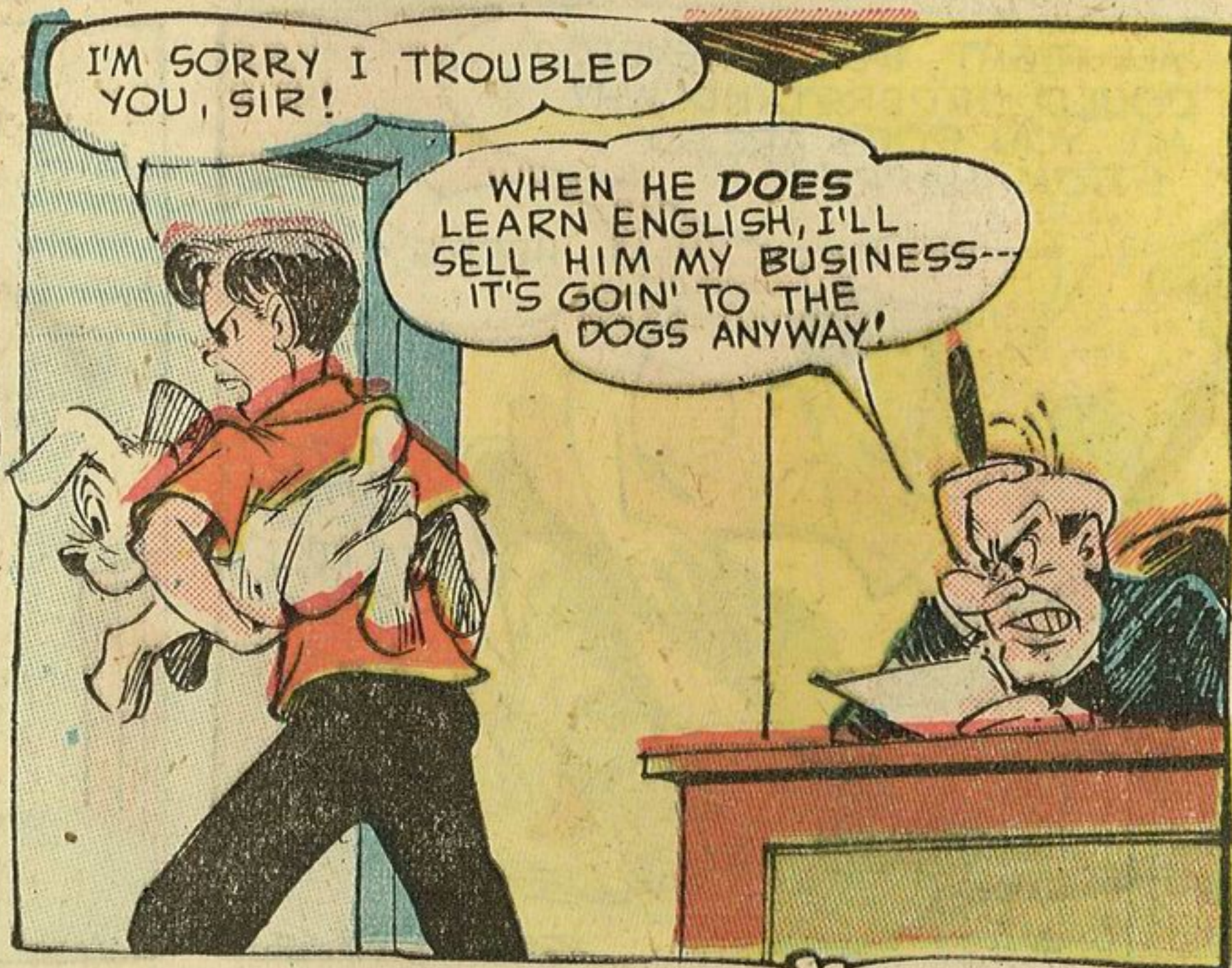
BINKY

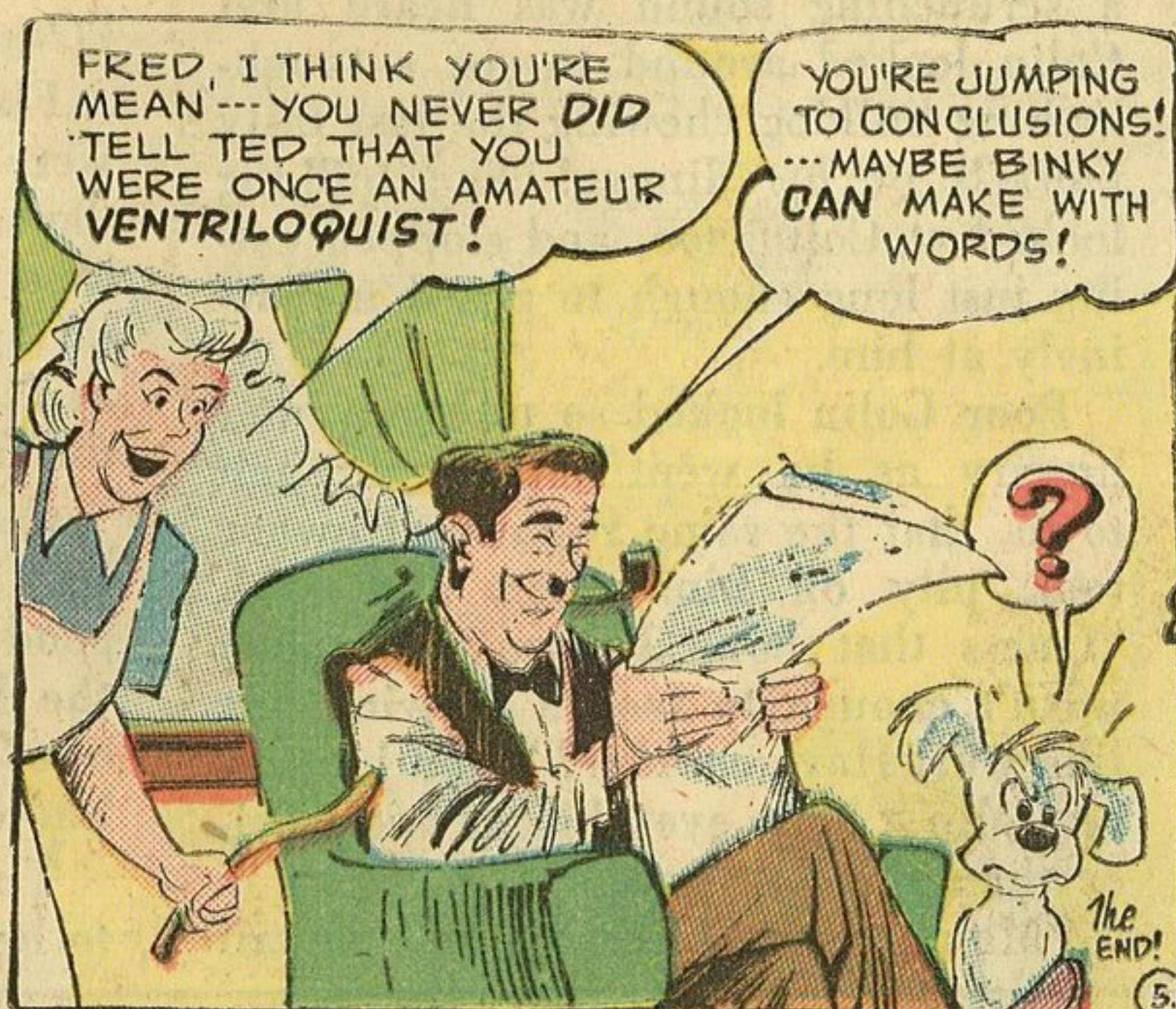
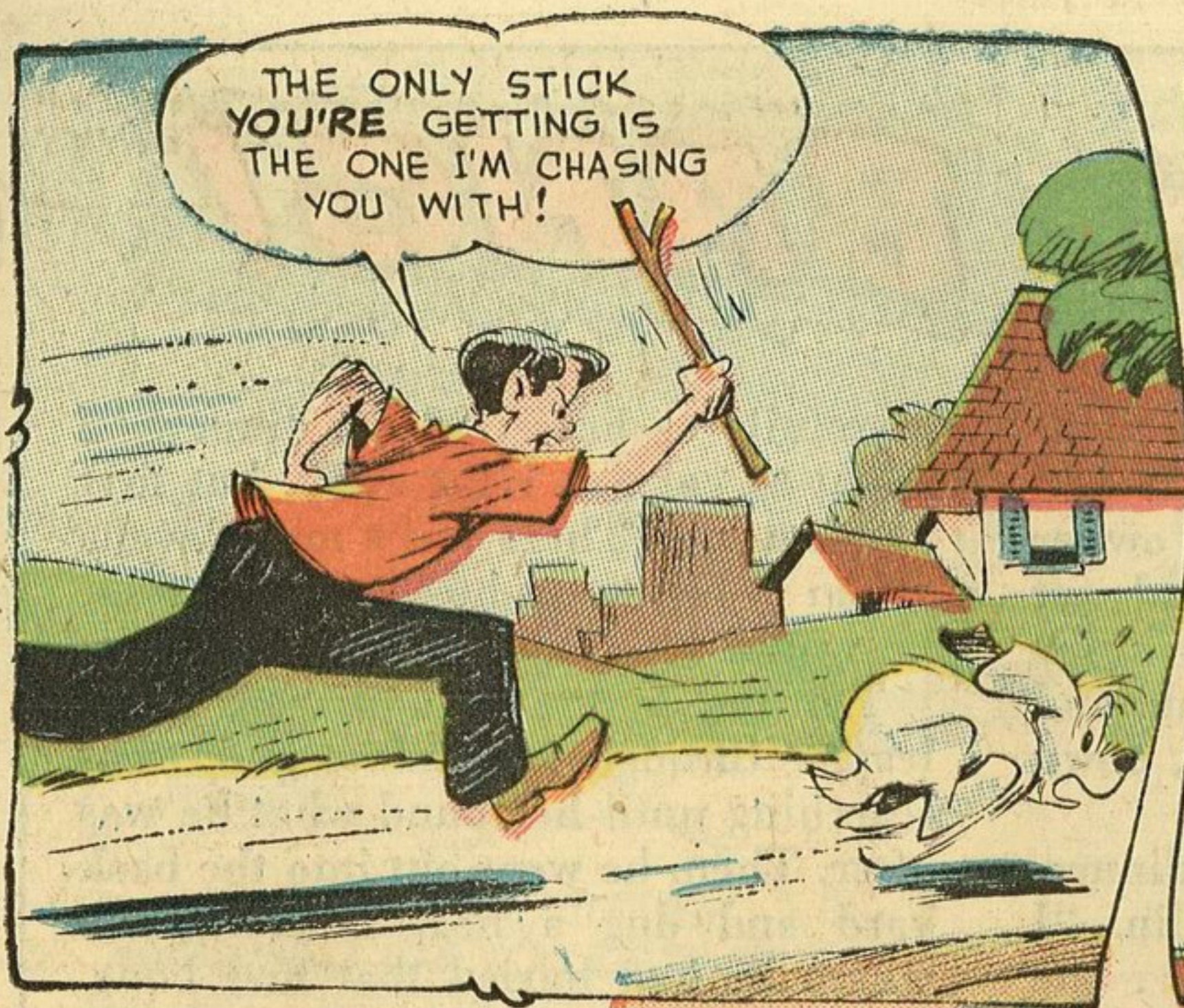
in "GENTLEMEN'S AGREEMENT"











The **BONE** that went **"BANG!"**

COLIN COLLIE had a beautiful bone, big and crunchy, that had been given to him by the kind owner of a restaurant. Now, Colin had not had a bone in ages, so you can see that it was a great treat for him, and he looked forward to eating it, down to the last delicious morsel!

"But I'd better bury it till dinner-time comes around," said Colin. "I know just the right place . . . the back yard of the schoolhouse!"

Colin buried his lovely bone with great care and covered it up as neatly as possible, so no one would suspect it was there. As the hours went by, he got hungrier and hungrier and hungrier, and his mouth watered at the thought of that fat, juicy bone waiting for him.

Finally, at the right time, he ran to dig up his bone, but . . . *it wasn't there!* Instead, there was a gaping hole, as empty as could be!

"Oh, woe! Alas! Misery! Gosh-all-hemlock!" wailed Colin. "Some thief has stolen my beautiful bone and is probably eating it *right now!*"

As if in answer to his last remark, a scrunching sound was heard and Colin looked around to see a tough-looking bulldog chewing the last tasty morsels of *his* dinner! The bulldog looked at Colin, too, and stopped eating just long enough to growl menacingly at him.

Poor Colin looked so unhappy and hungry as he went loping through town, that the same restaurant owner took pity on him again and said. "Guess that bone I gave you today wasn't enough to feed a growing dog like you! Have *another!*" And he tossed Colin a bone even bigger and juicier than the first one!

"Mmmmmmm!" Colin wagged his tail

gratefully as he seized his dinner. "I ought to eat this right away, but first . . . first . . ." There was a mischievous gleam in his eye as he thought of what he would like to do first!

Trotting to the schoolhouse, Colin leaped through a window and went searching until he found what he was after. Then, he went out into the back yard and dug a neat hole, exactly where he had buried that first bone. Then, he dropped something into the hole, covered it carefully, and hid behind the school fence to see what would happen!

Aha! Around a tree came that same bulldog, mean and ferocious-looking. His short, stocky legs carried him to the little mound of earth Colin had just made. Growling and grunting, the bulldog began to dig, poking his nose deeper and deeper into the earth.

"Why, he's just a *crook!*" said Colin. "And what's worse, he's a *pig*, too, because he's just had a great, big bone! Guess he wants everything for himself! Well, he's about to get something he didn't . . ."

BANG! Boom! "*Eeeeeow!*" Boom! "*Ouch!*"

Flashes of light and yelps of pain were coming from the bulldog, who danced up and down calling for help in a high voice. Then, still throwing off sparks, the bulldog began to run, as fast as he could go, shouting, "Get the fire engines! Call the cops! *Help!*"

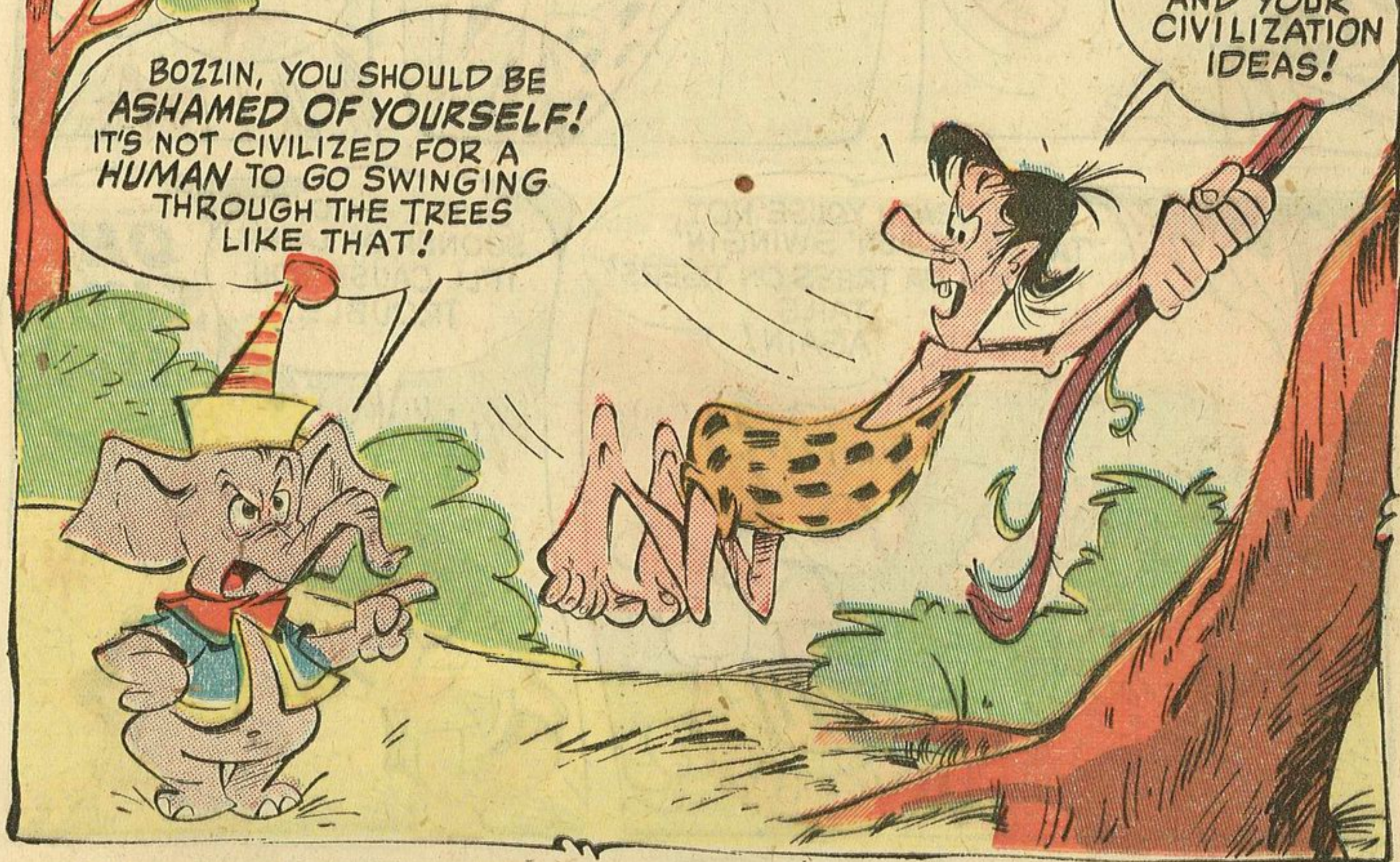
Colin just grinned quietly and bit into his beautiful bone. My, it was good! And it was good to know that the bulldog would never steal someone else's dinner again, for who knows?

That buried bone might turn out to be . . . a *firecracker!*

BUNGLE *of the* JUNGLE

BOZZIN, YOU SHOULD BE
ASHAMED OF YOURSELF!
IT'S NOT CIVILIZED FOR A
HUMAN TO GO SWINGING
THROUGH THE TREES
LIKE THAT!

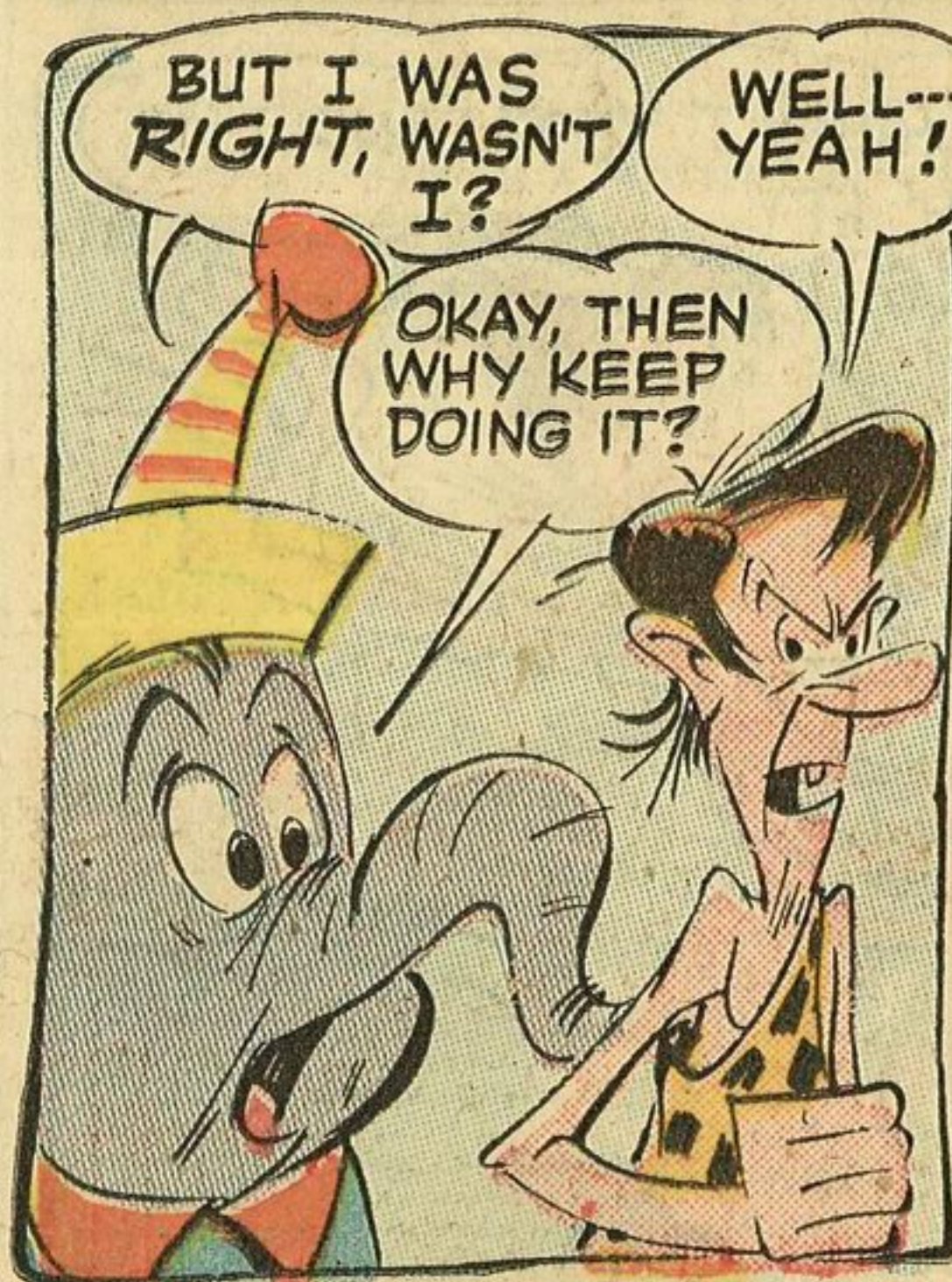
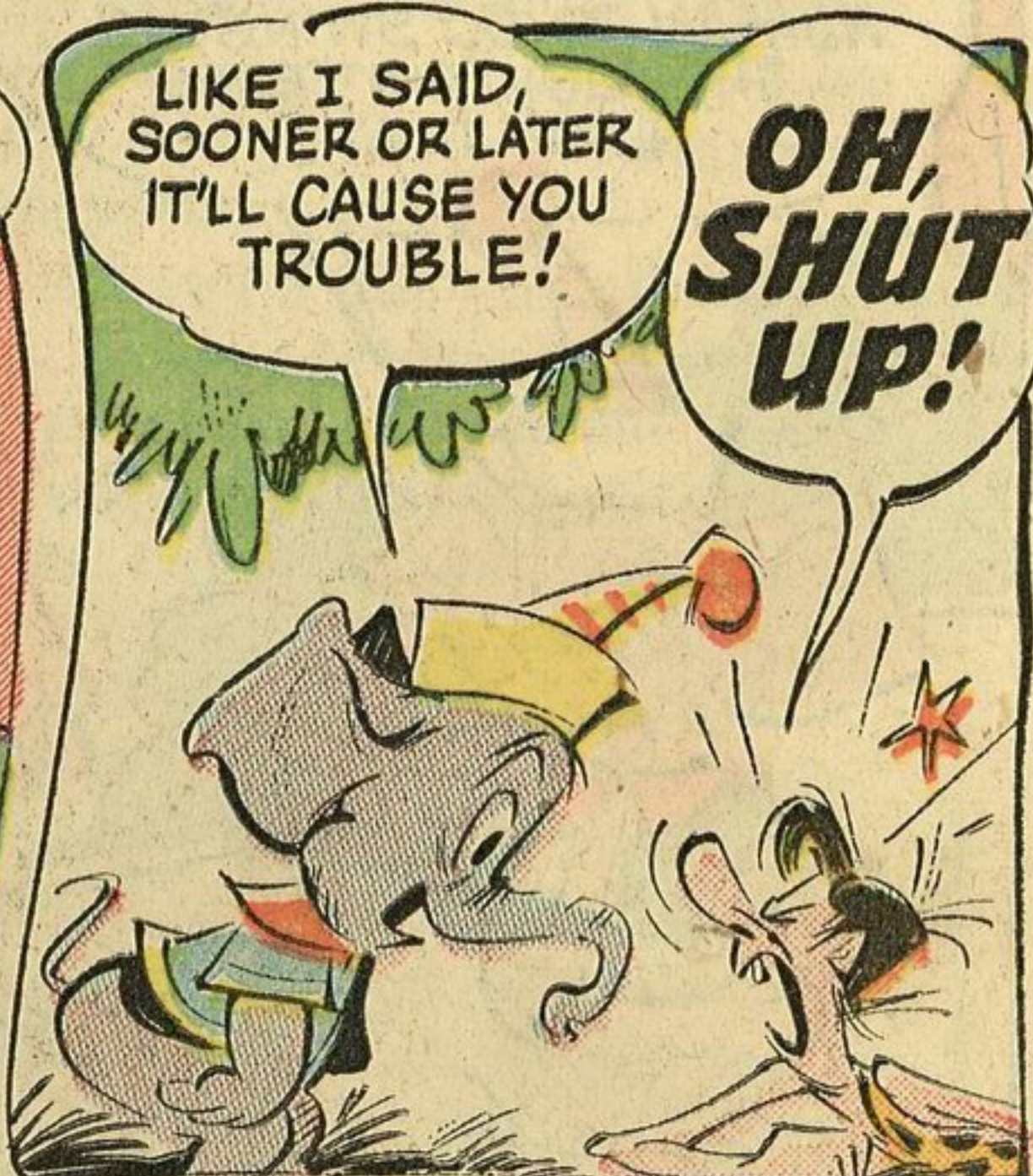
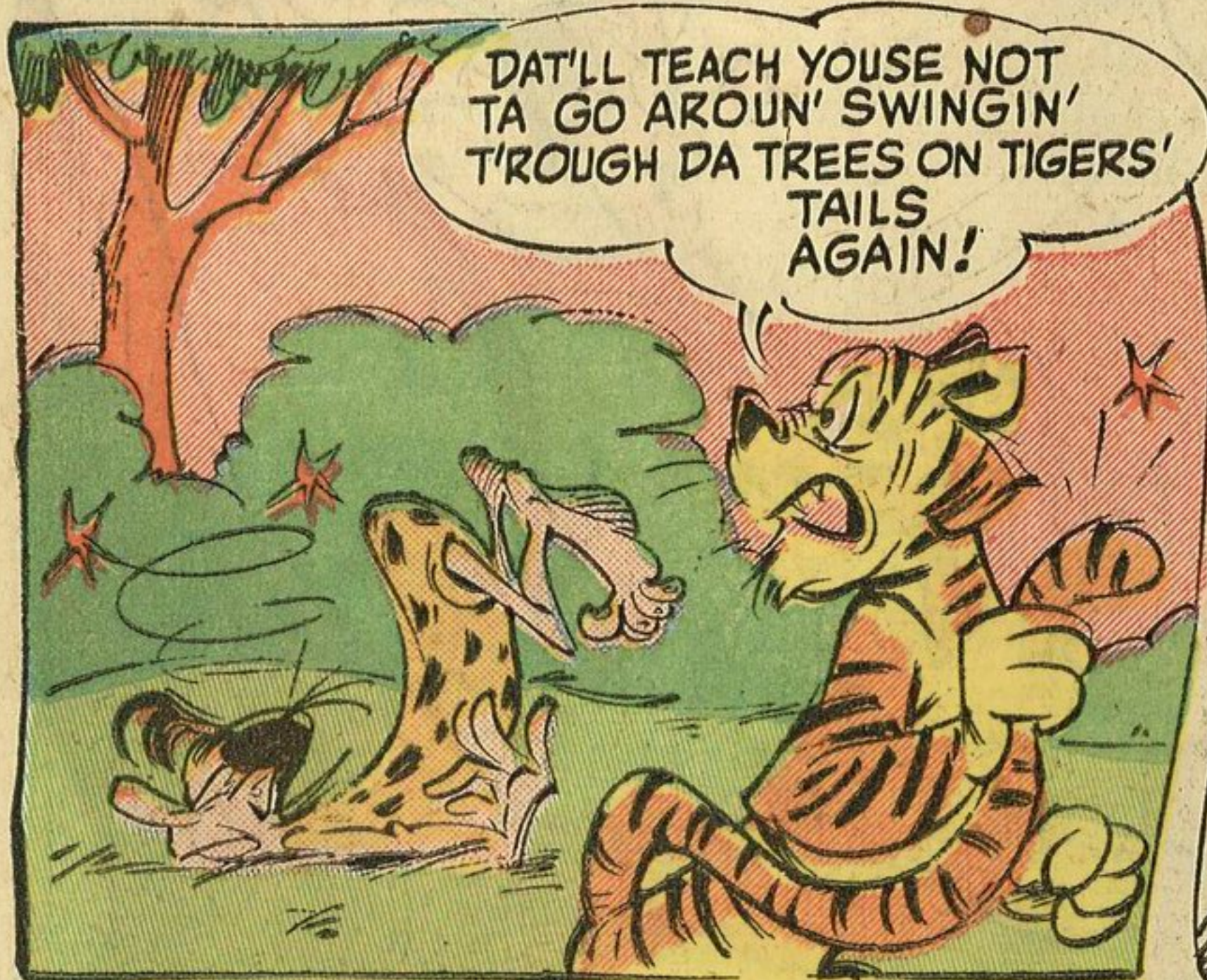
**BAH! YOU
AND YOUR
CIVILIZATION
IDEAS!**



VERY WELL, BUT
SOONER OR LATER
IT'LL CAUSE YOU
TROUBLE!

**HAW! IT HASN'T YET! AND I'VE
BEEN DOIN' IT
FOR YEARS
AND --**





WELL, ANYONE WITH SPARE TIME ON HIS HANDS IS APT TO GET IN TROUBLE! NOW, IN CIVILIZATION THEY HAVE GAMES AND HOBBIES FOR CHILDREN AND ADULTS TO PLAY IN THEIR SPARE TIME!

FOR INSTANCE, PUBLIC PLAYGROUND DIRECTORS HAVE CHILDREN PLAY **BASEBALL** IN THEIR SPARE TIME! OTHERWISE THEY MIGHT SPEND IT TOSSING ROCKS THROUGH WINDOWS!

OH, NOW I GET IT!

GOOD! --- NOW TO GET ALL THE ANIMALS TO DO LIKEWISE!

SO, SOMETIME LATER...

HEH-HEH!

ULP!

BOSCO! DON'T YOU DARE DO THAT!

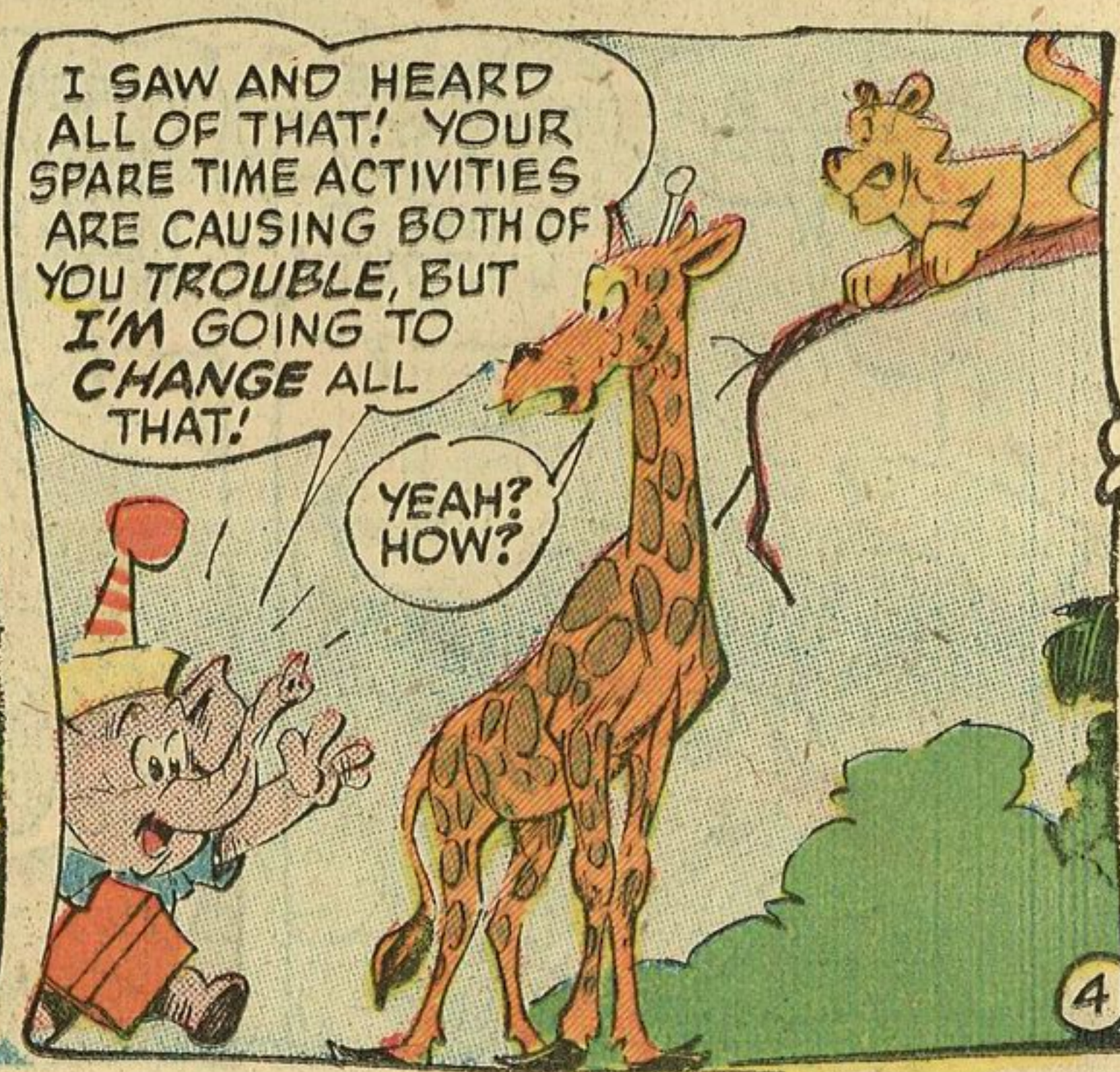
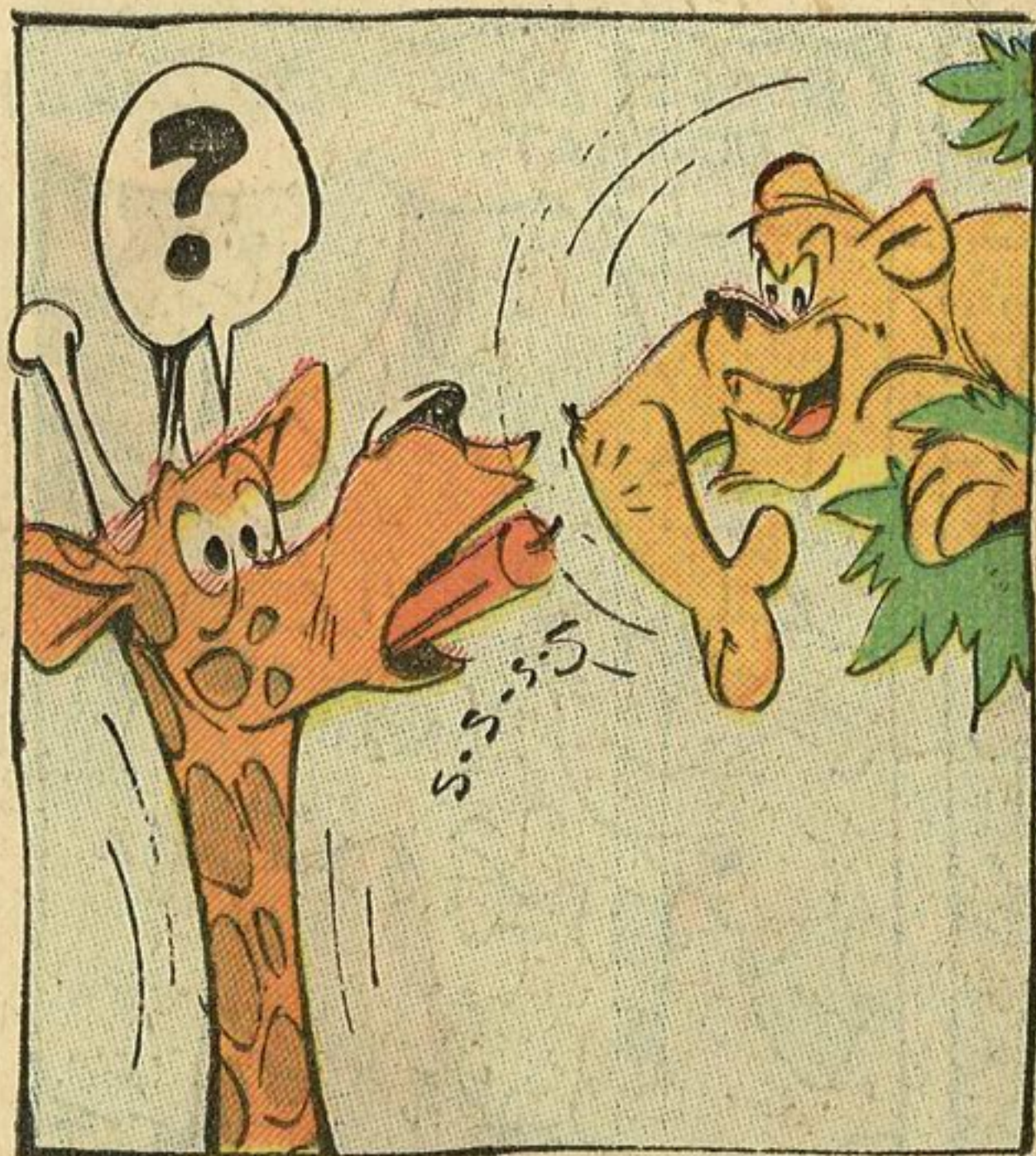
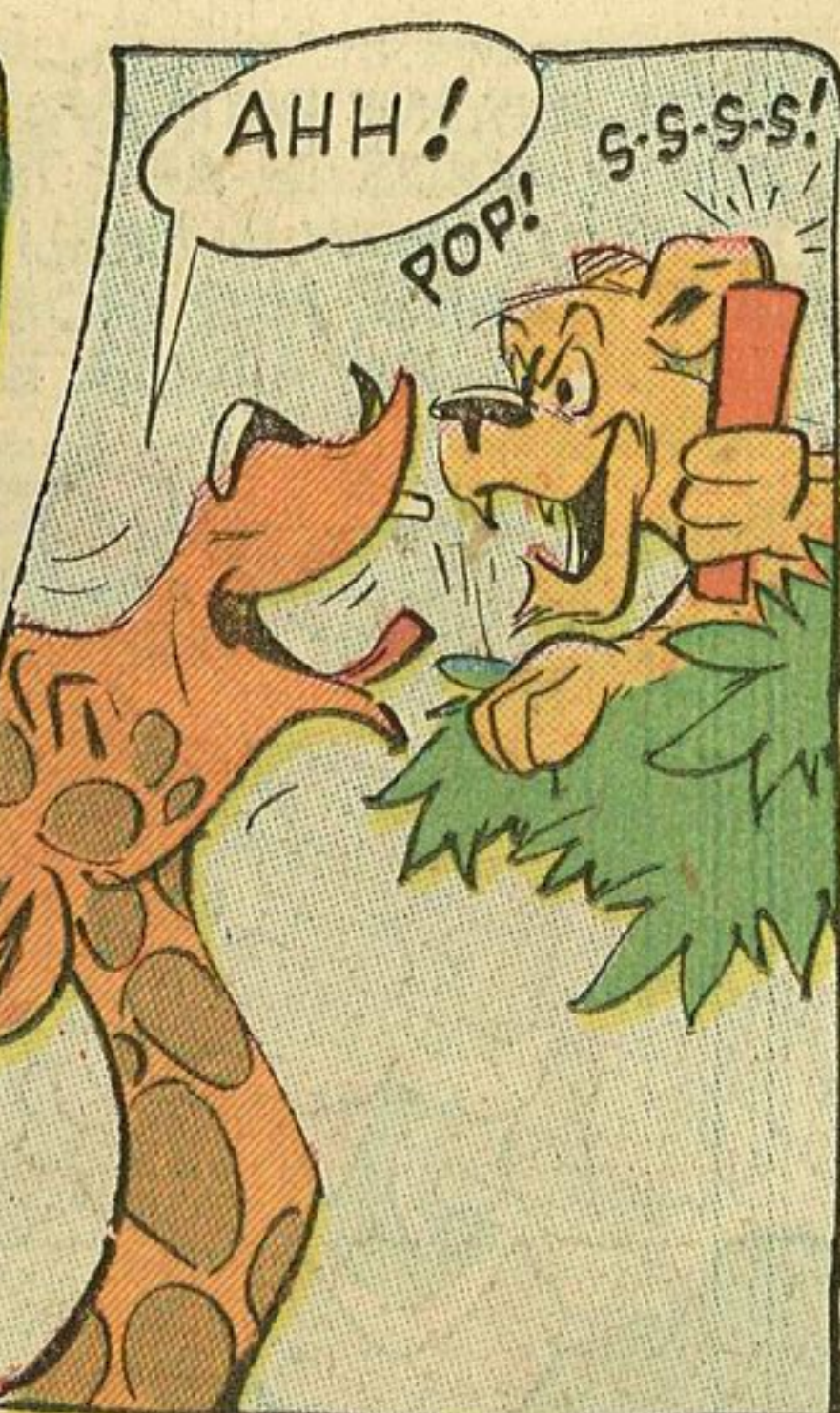
WHY NOT? IT'S FUN!

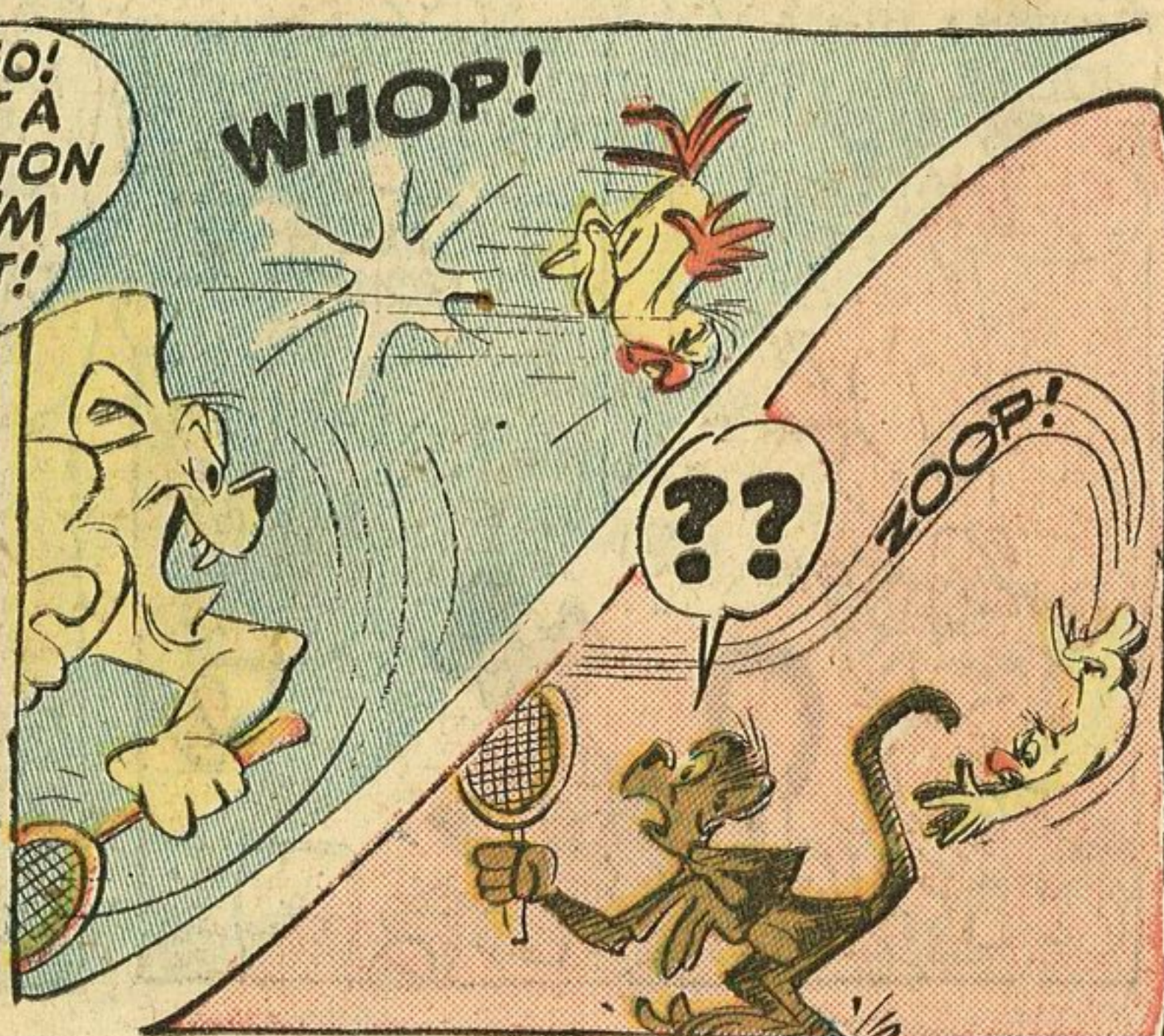
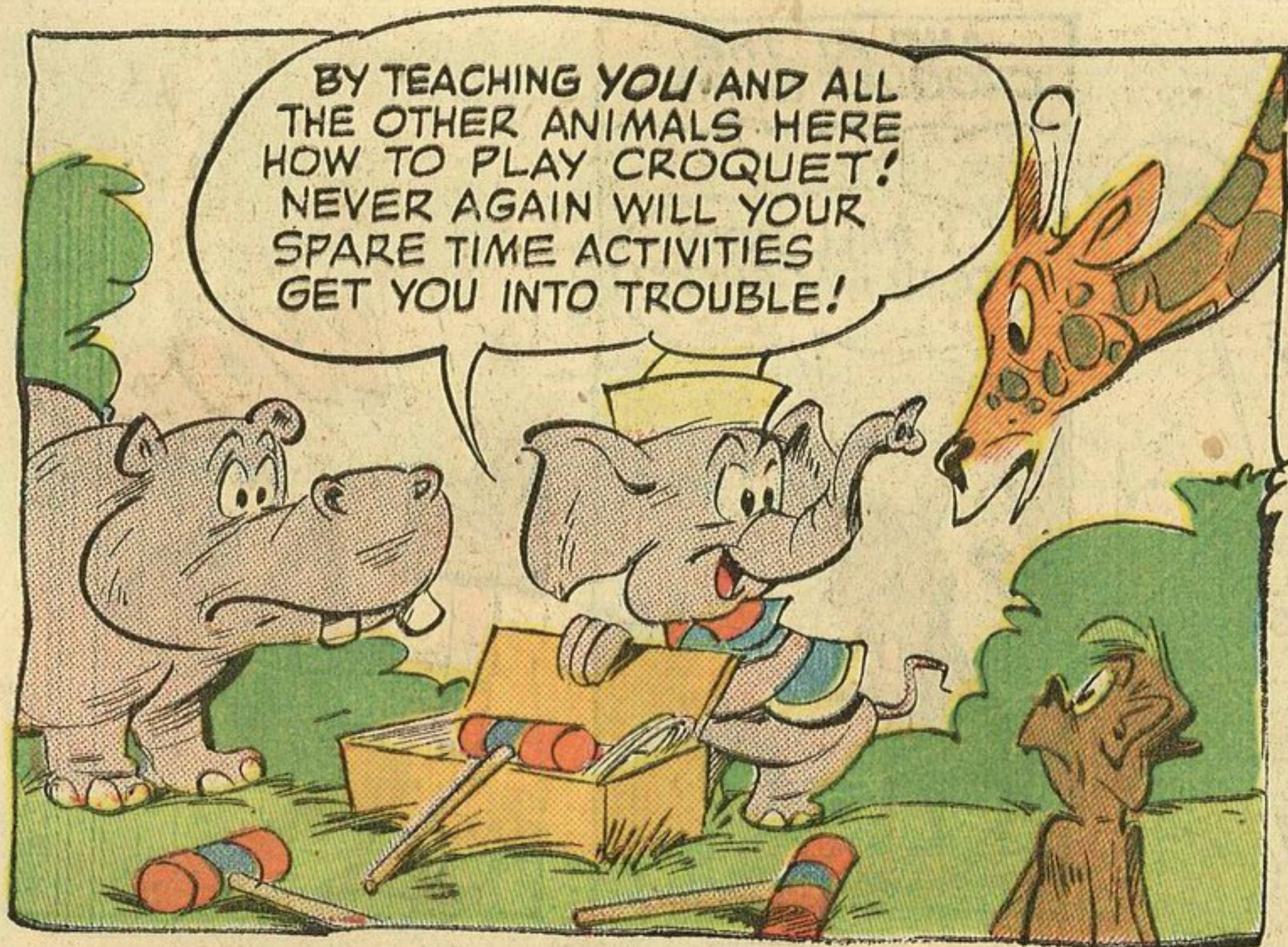
BECAUSE IT'S NOT CIVILIZED!

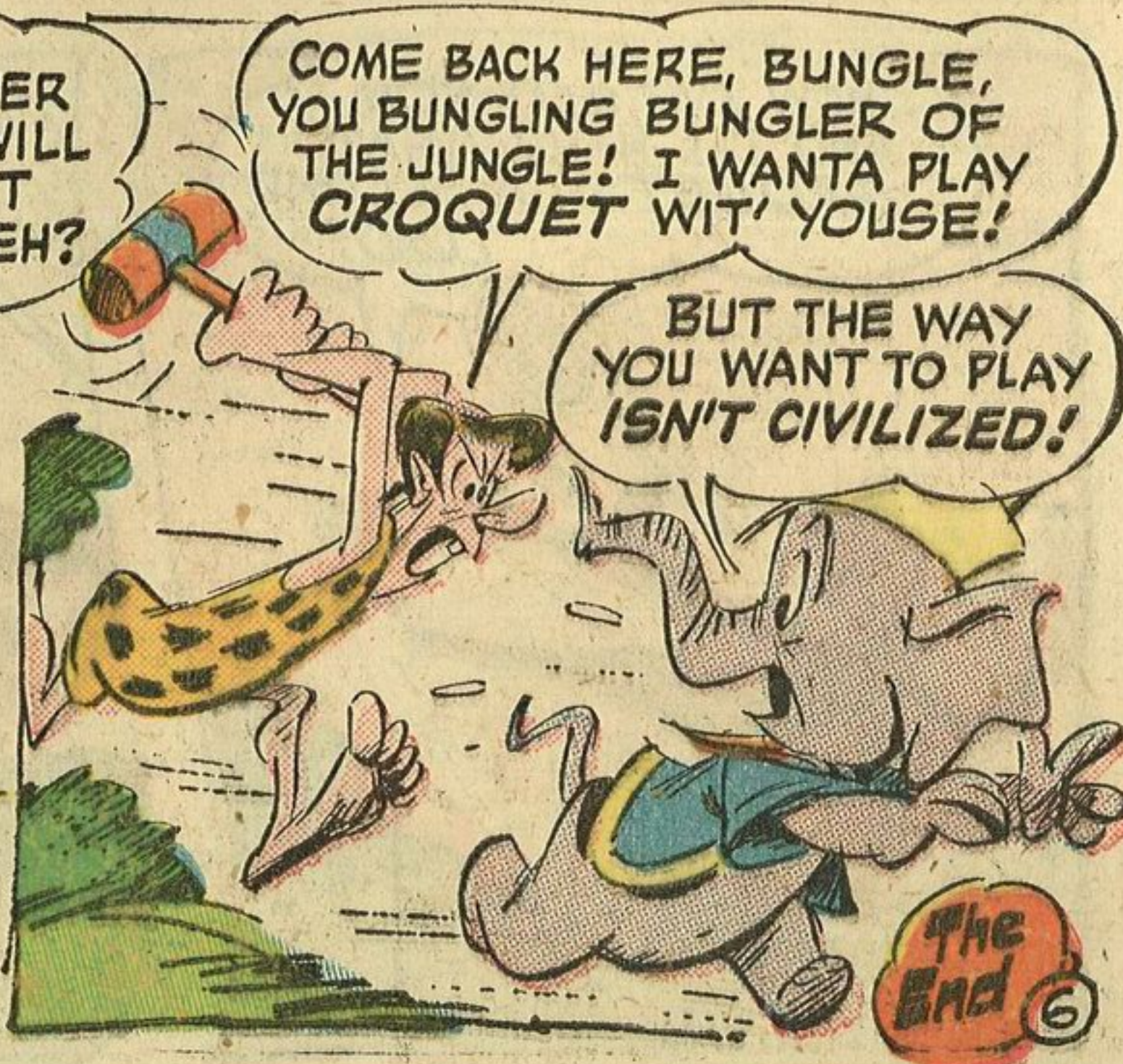
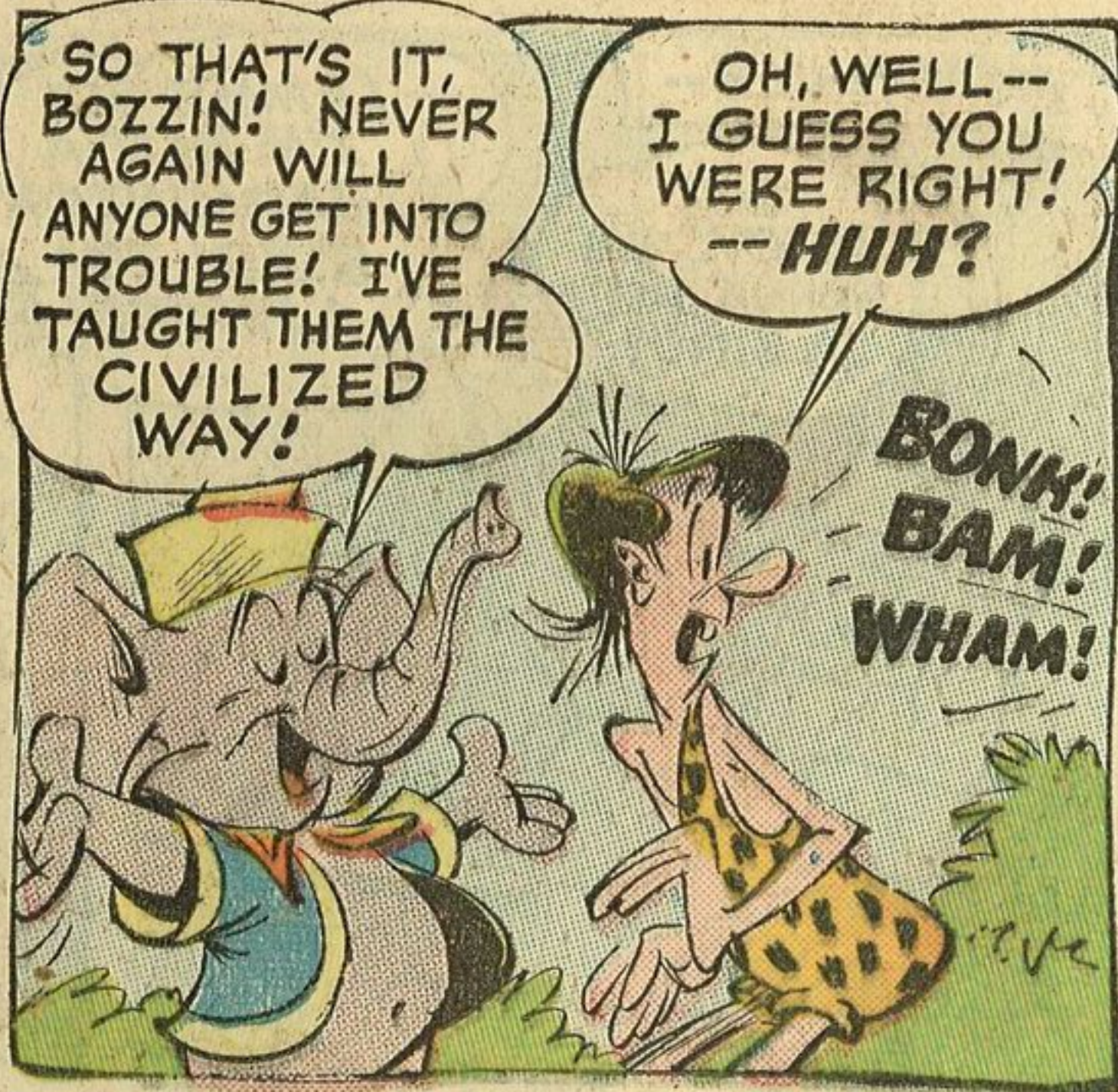
YOUSE CAN SAY DAT AGAIN! -- YOUSE IS UNCOUT!

HERE'S A GAME THAT WILL KEEP YOU **BOTH** OUT OF TROUBLE! HERE! TAKE THESE! THEY'RE **BADMINTON RACKETS!**

IT'S SIMPLE! YOU SIMPLY BAT A **BADMINTON BIRD** BACK AND FORTH ACROSS THE NET!







The DUKE and the DOPE

EGAD!...AT LAST
I'VE A CHANCE TO
DISPLAY MY TALENTS
AS A SHAKESPEARIAN
ACTOR!

BE A T.V. ACTOR

BE A T.V. A

AND I'M A
NATCHURAL
COWBOY
ACTOR!
BANG!
BANG!

**BE A T.V.
ACTOR!**
AUDITION ON
THE STAGE
NOW!

IF YOUR I.Q. IS
SUITED FOR T.V.
— COME IN P.D.Q.

BANG! BANG! IS
NOT ACTING, LAME-
BRAIN!... COME
ALONG!

BANG!

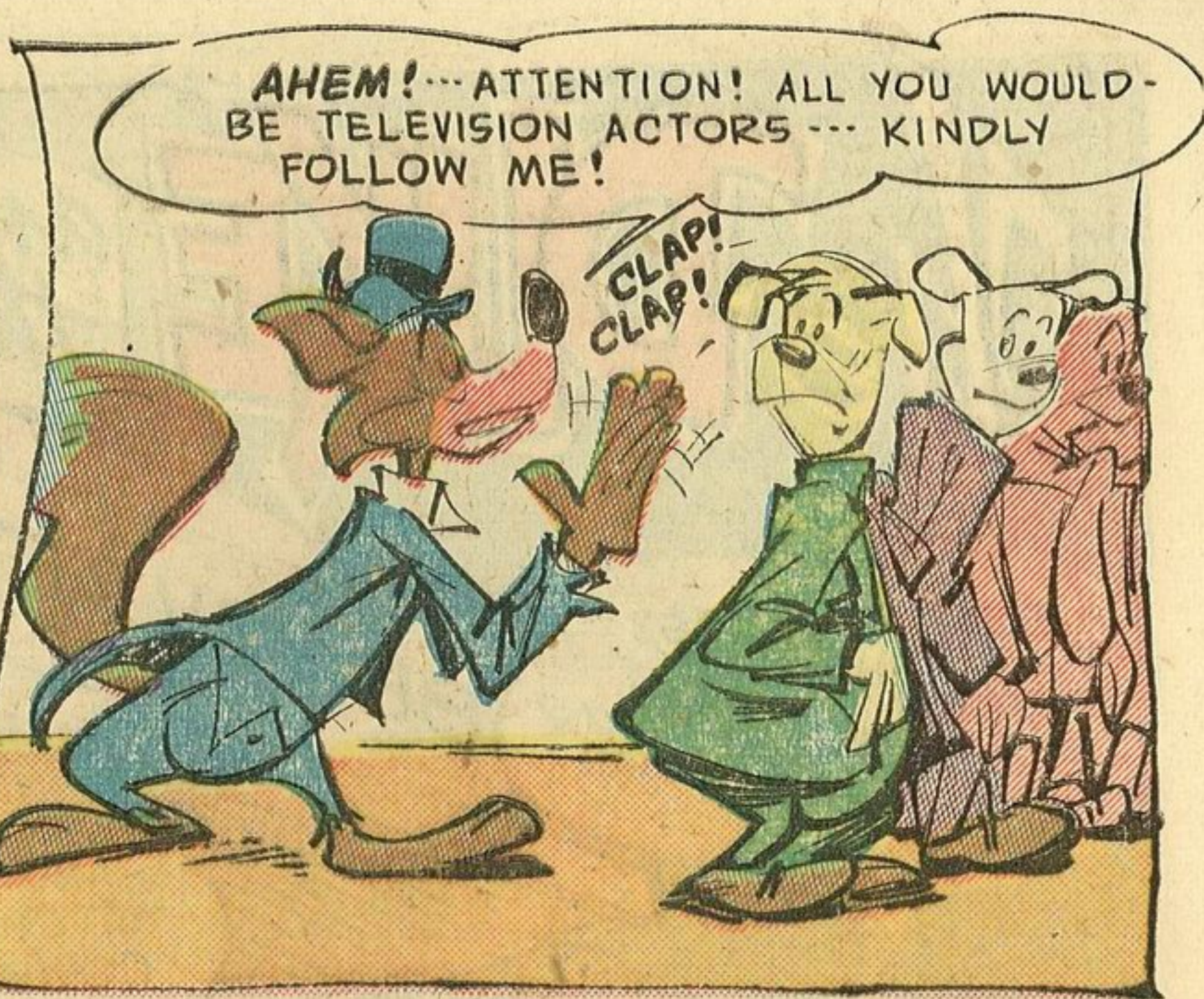
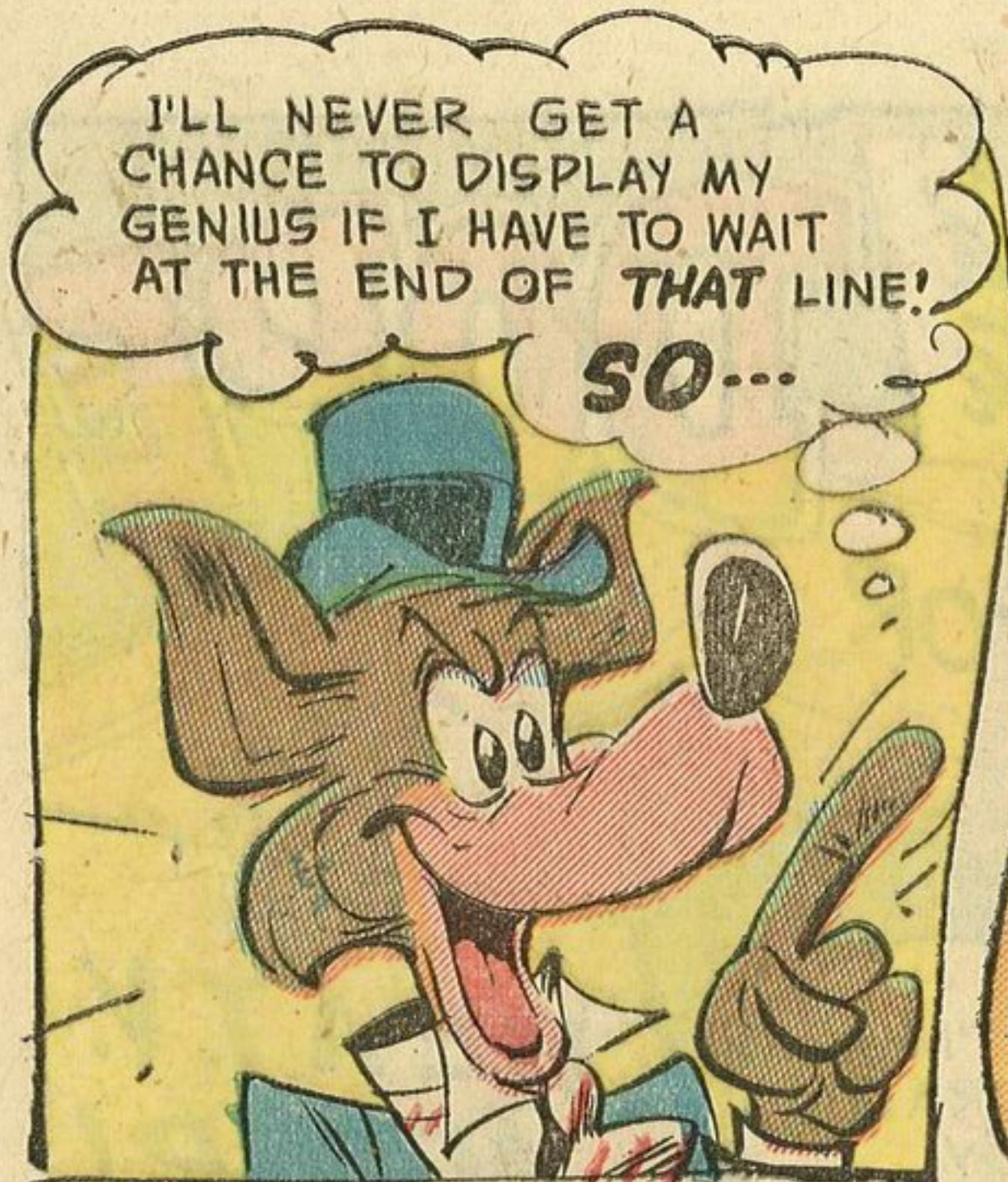
BANG!

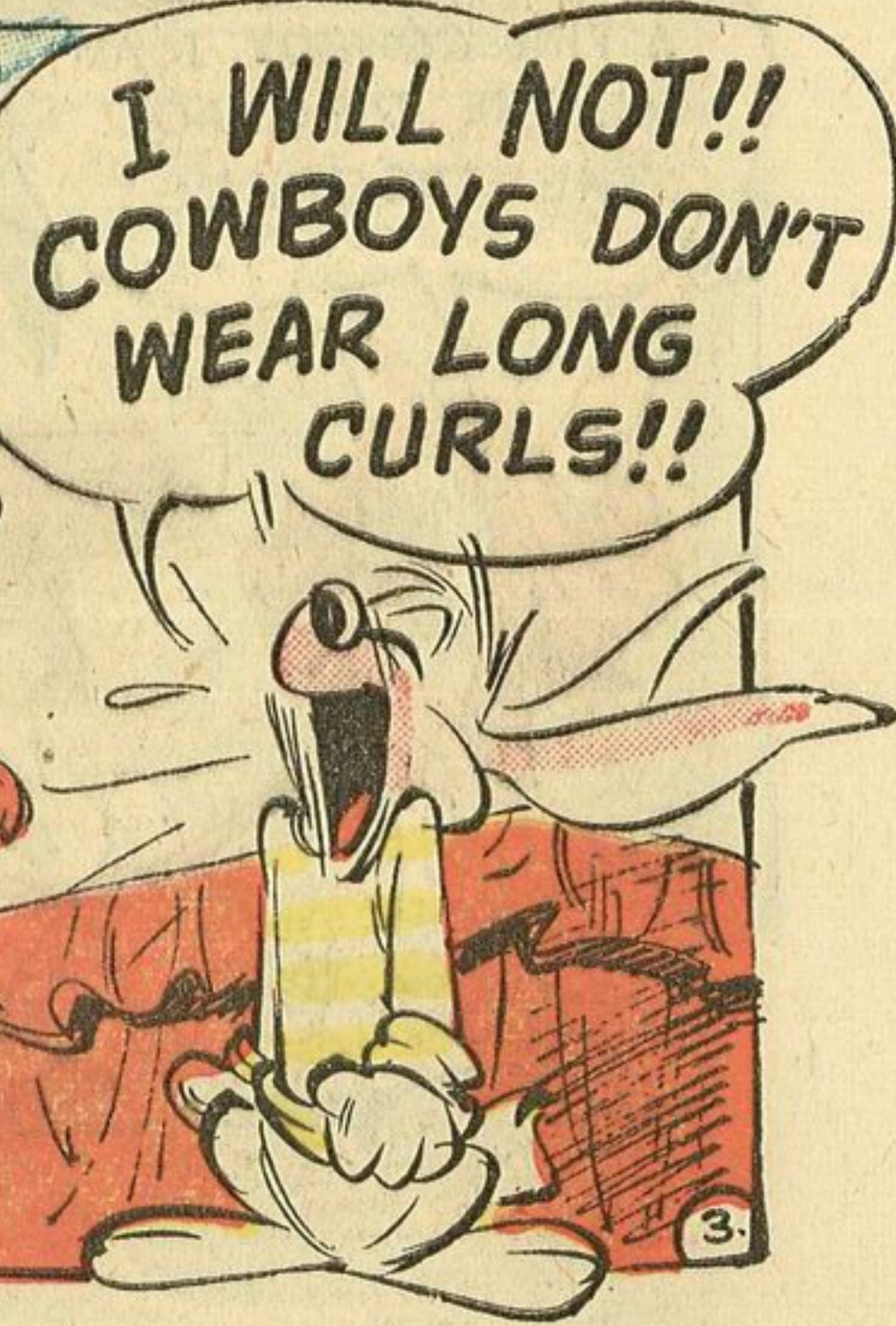
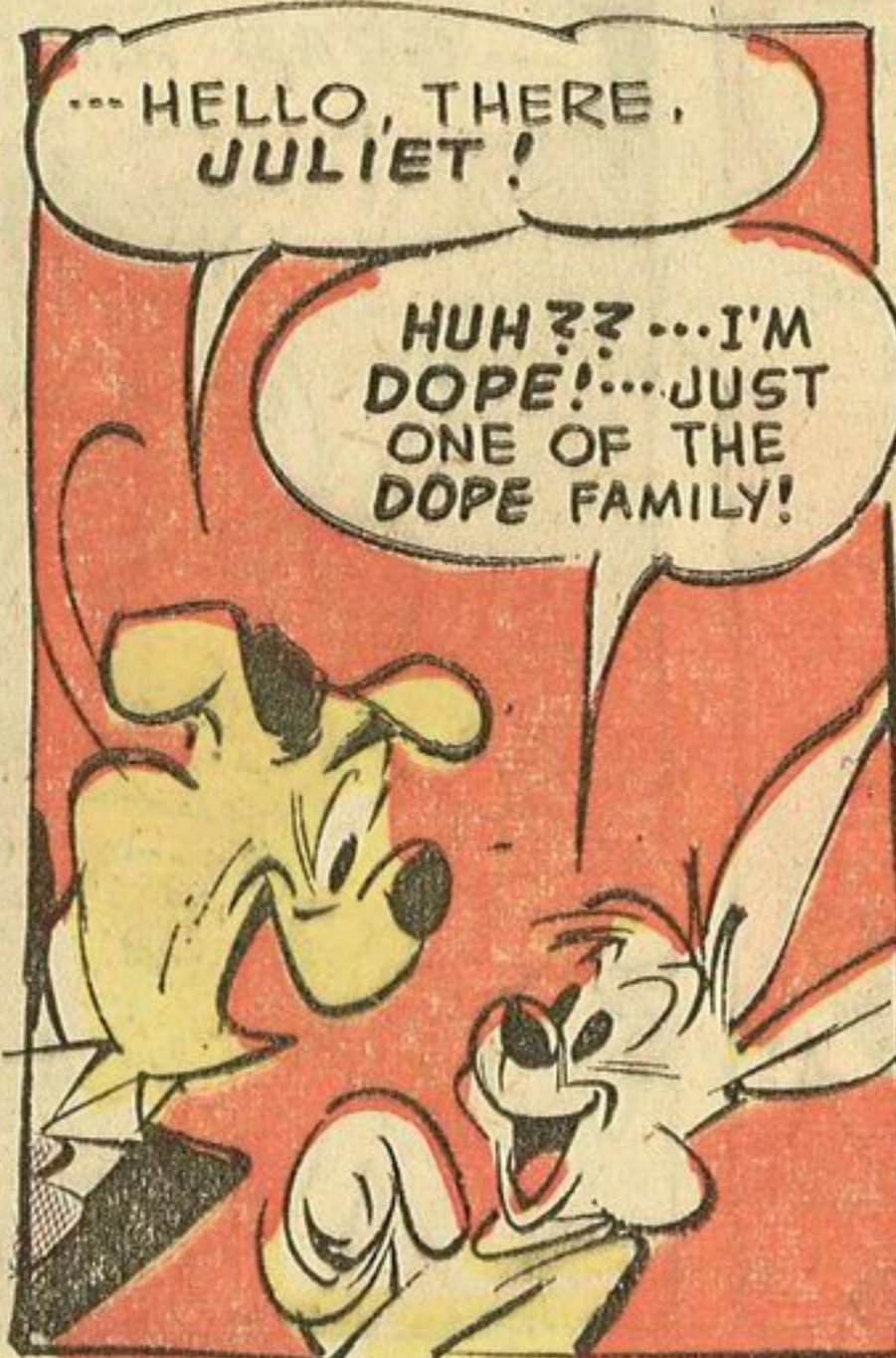
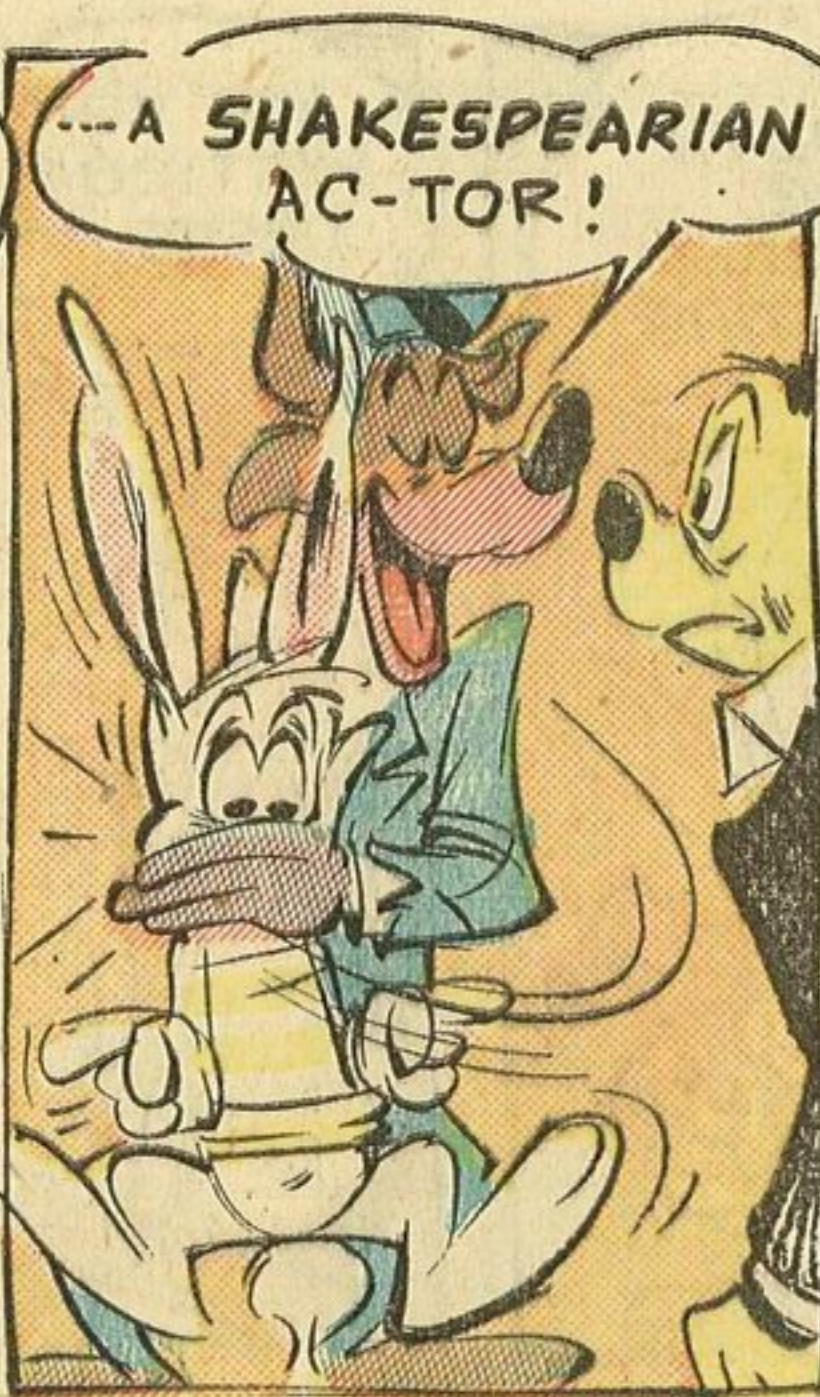
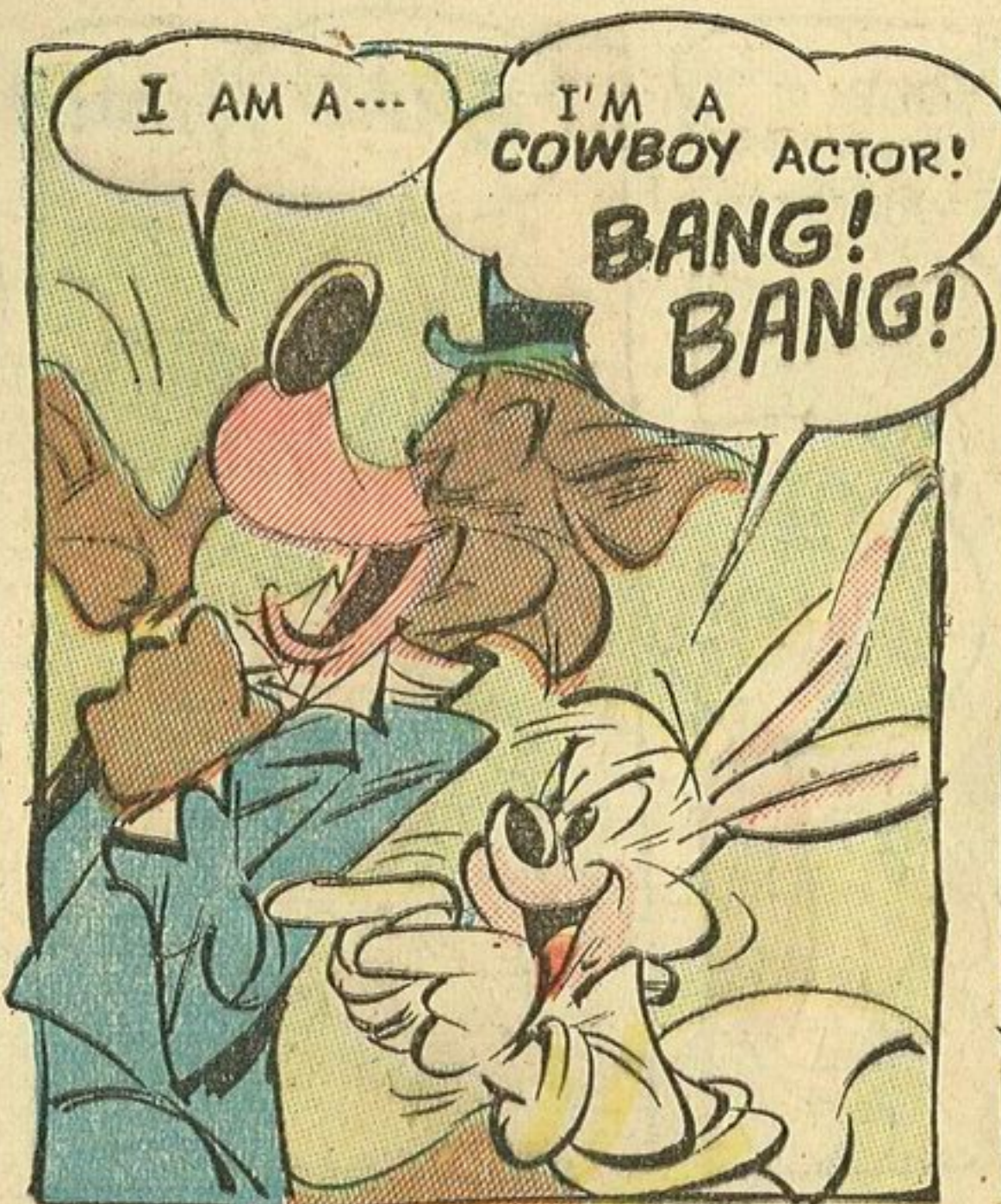
... I AM AN ACTOR
AND WISH TO BE
ON THIS SHOW,
BOY!

STEP OVER
THERE, MISTER!

ULP!

STAGE
ENTRANCE





IF I CAN EXPOSE
MYSELF IN **UNCOUTH
LONG UNDERWEAR**,
THE LEAST YOU CAN
DO IS TO WEAR THIS
WIG!

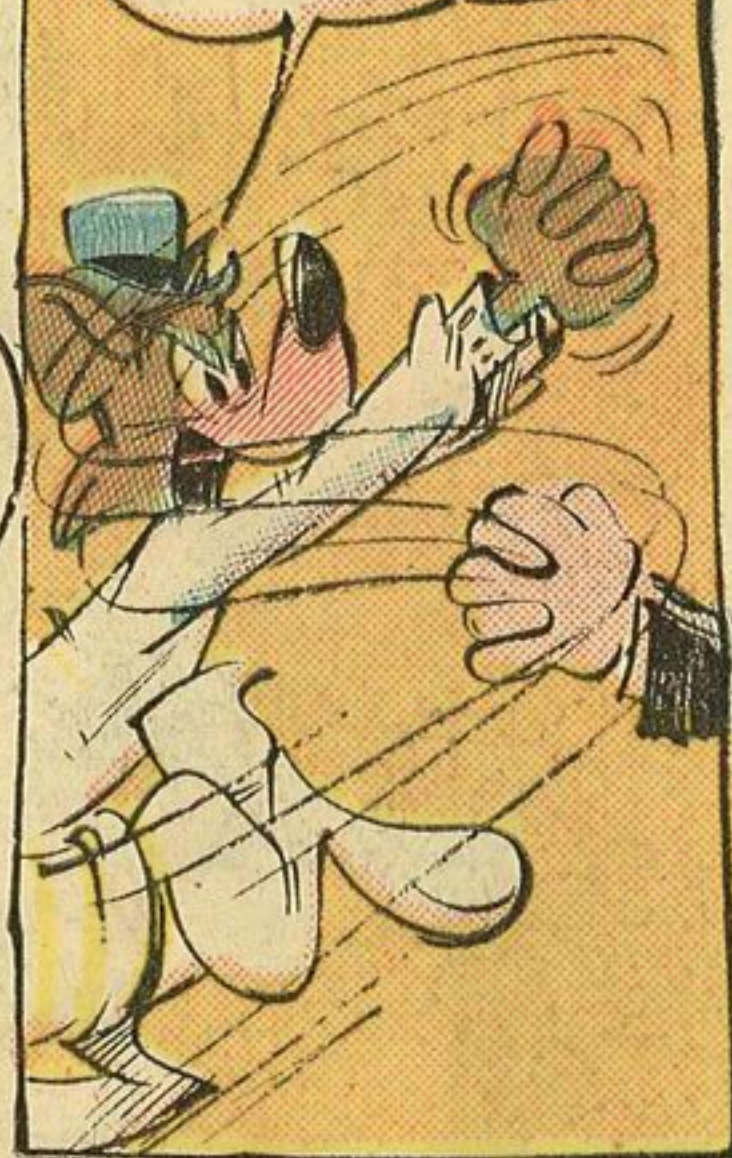


AND NOW YOUR
PETTICOAT AND
DRESS, MISS JULIET!



OH
NO!

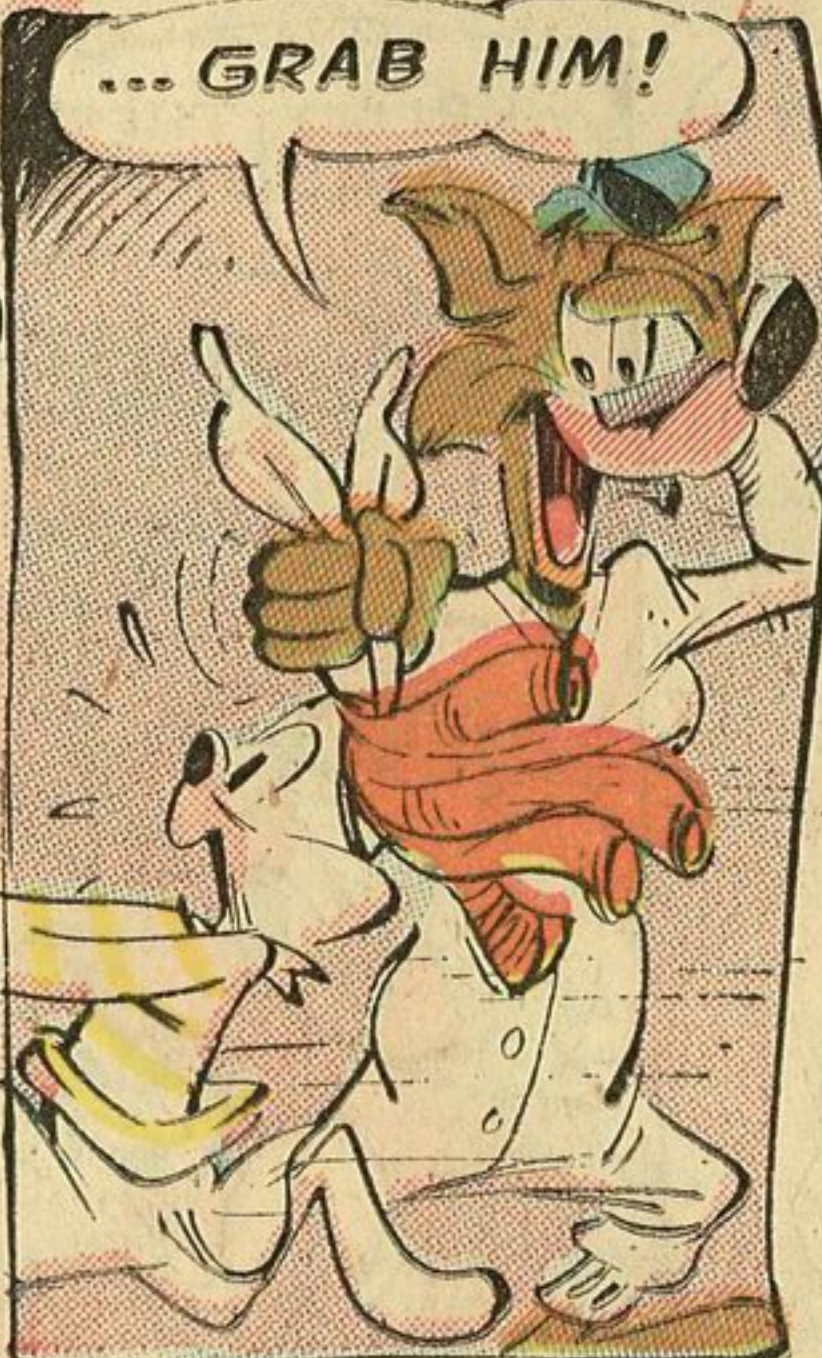
GRAB HIM!



WE'LL NEVER CATCH
HIM BY RUNNING AFTER
HIM!... THE THING TO DO
IS TO STAND STILL... HOLD
OUT YOUR HAND, AND WHEN
HE GOES BY...



... **GRAB HIM!**



**NO! STOP
HELP!**

HOLD
HIM
TIGHT!

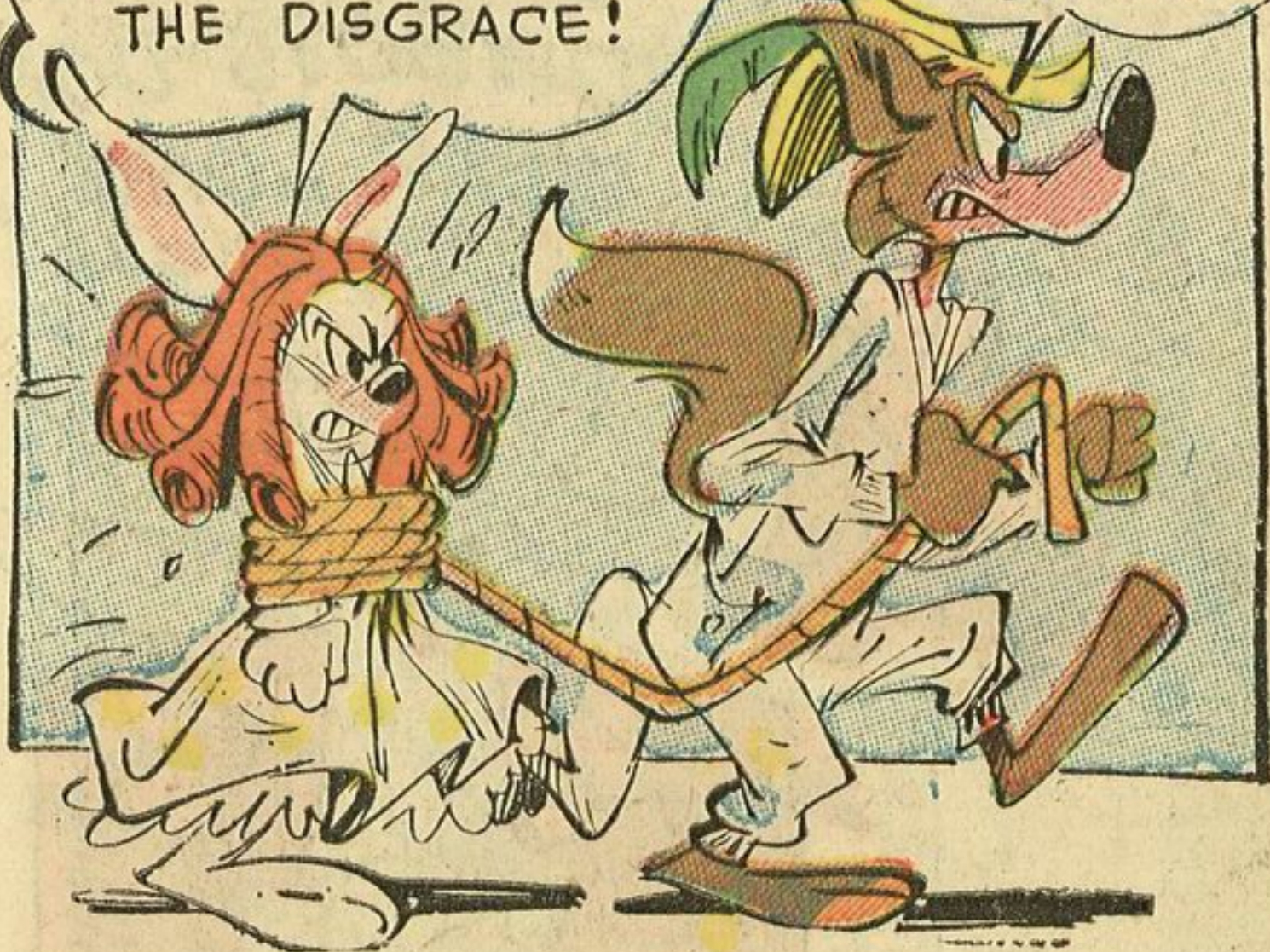


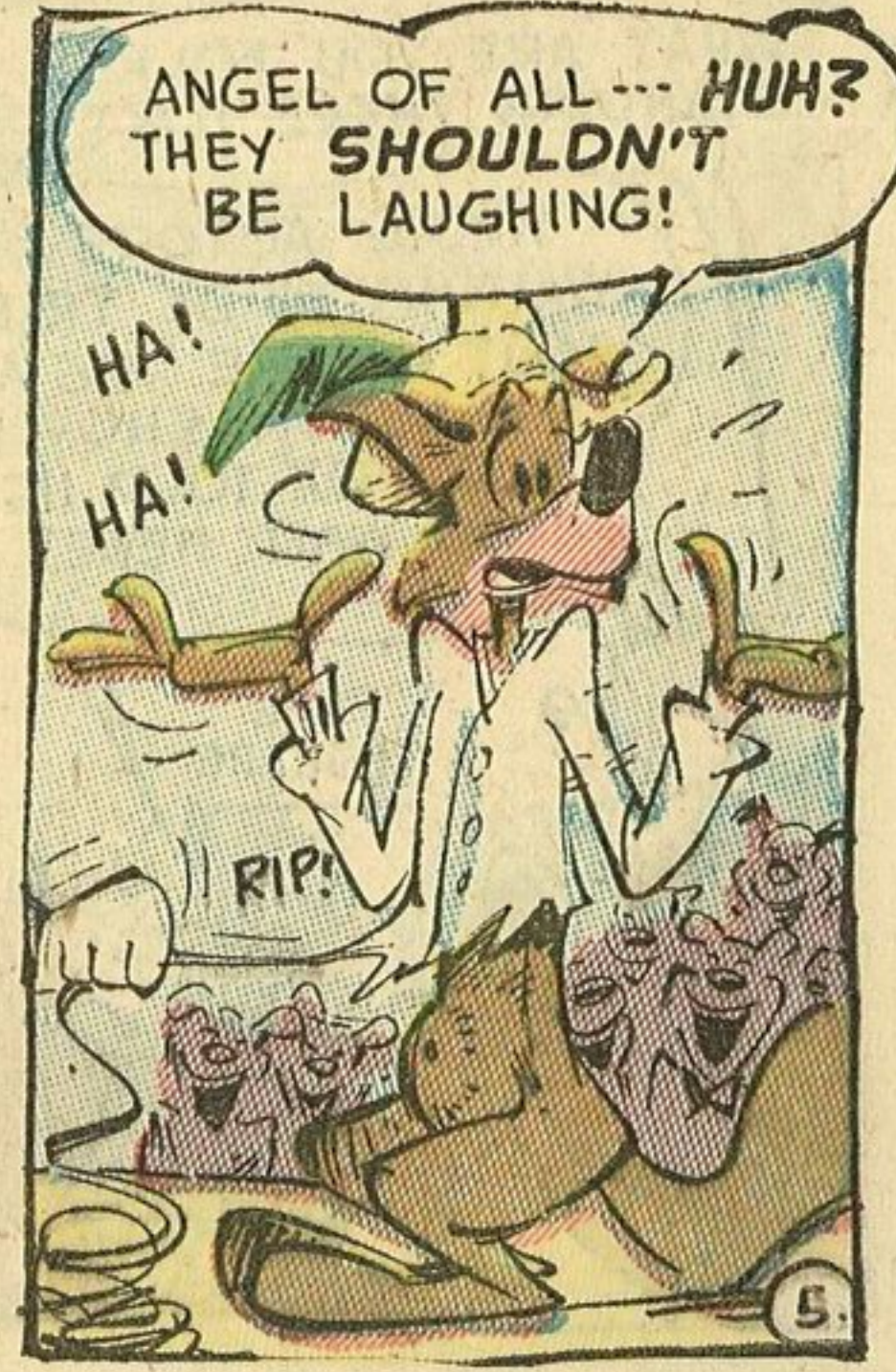
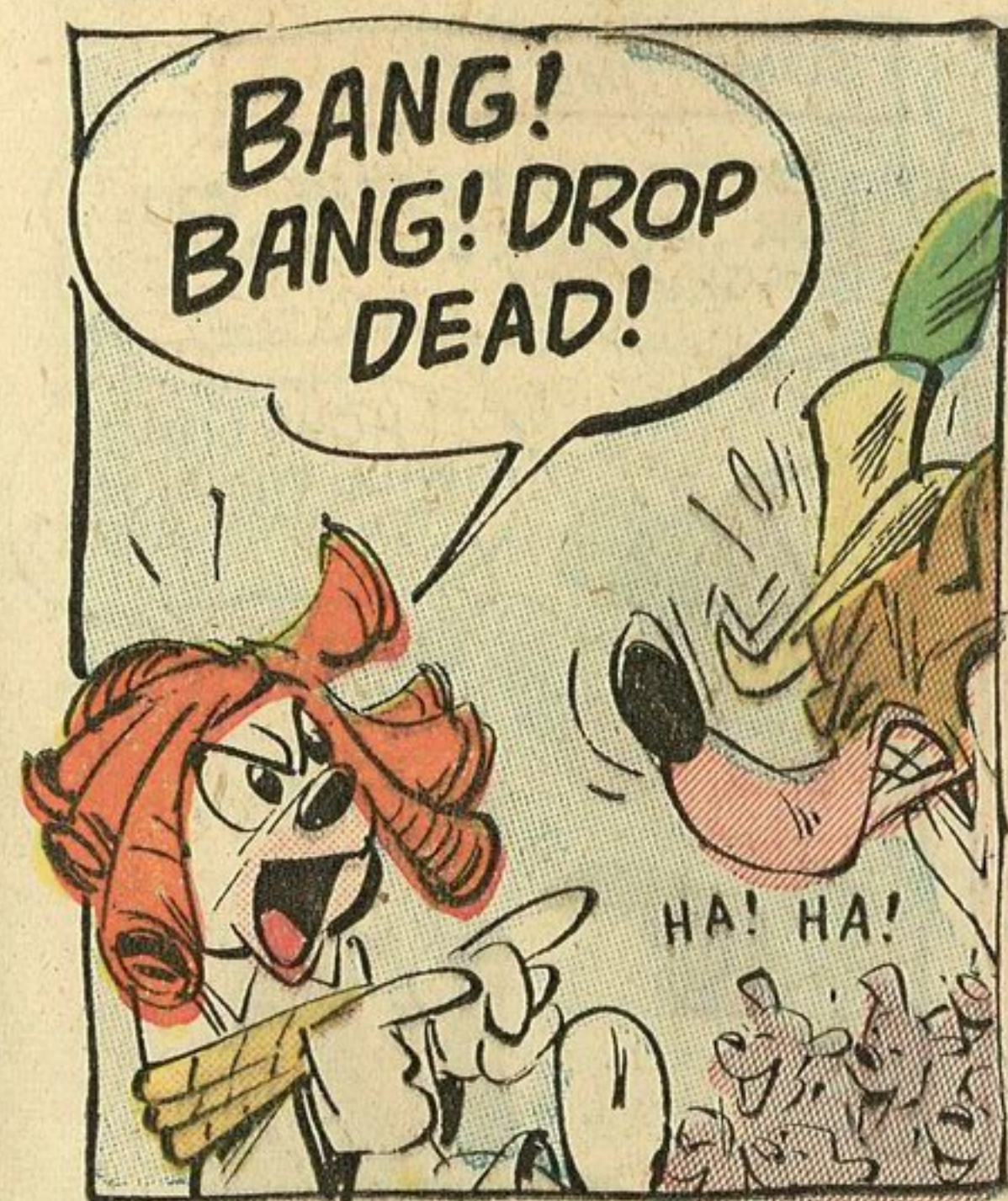
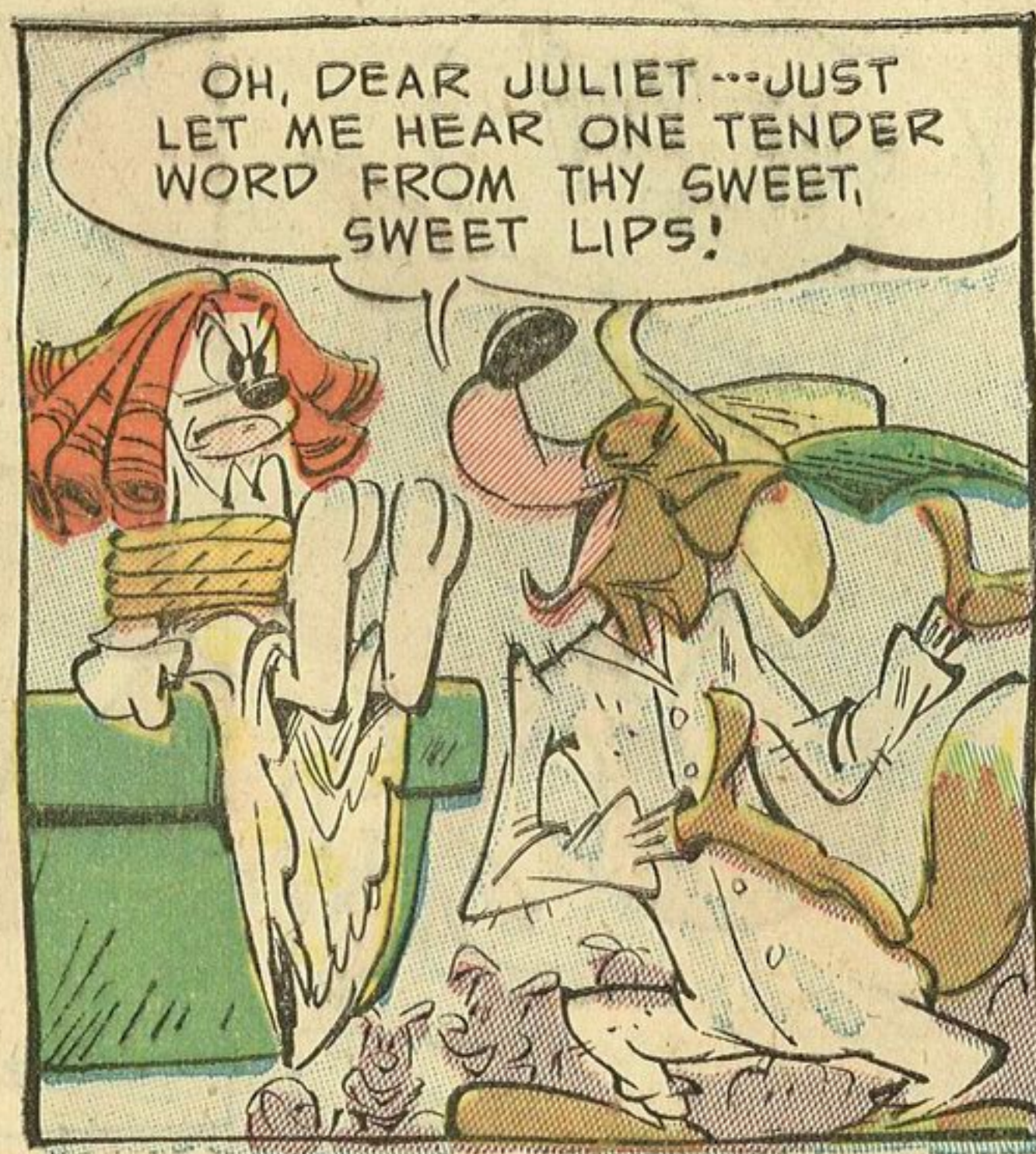
A FINE **COWBOY** I AM!
OH, THE DISGRACE!
THE DISGRACE!

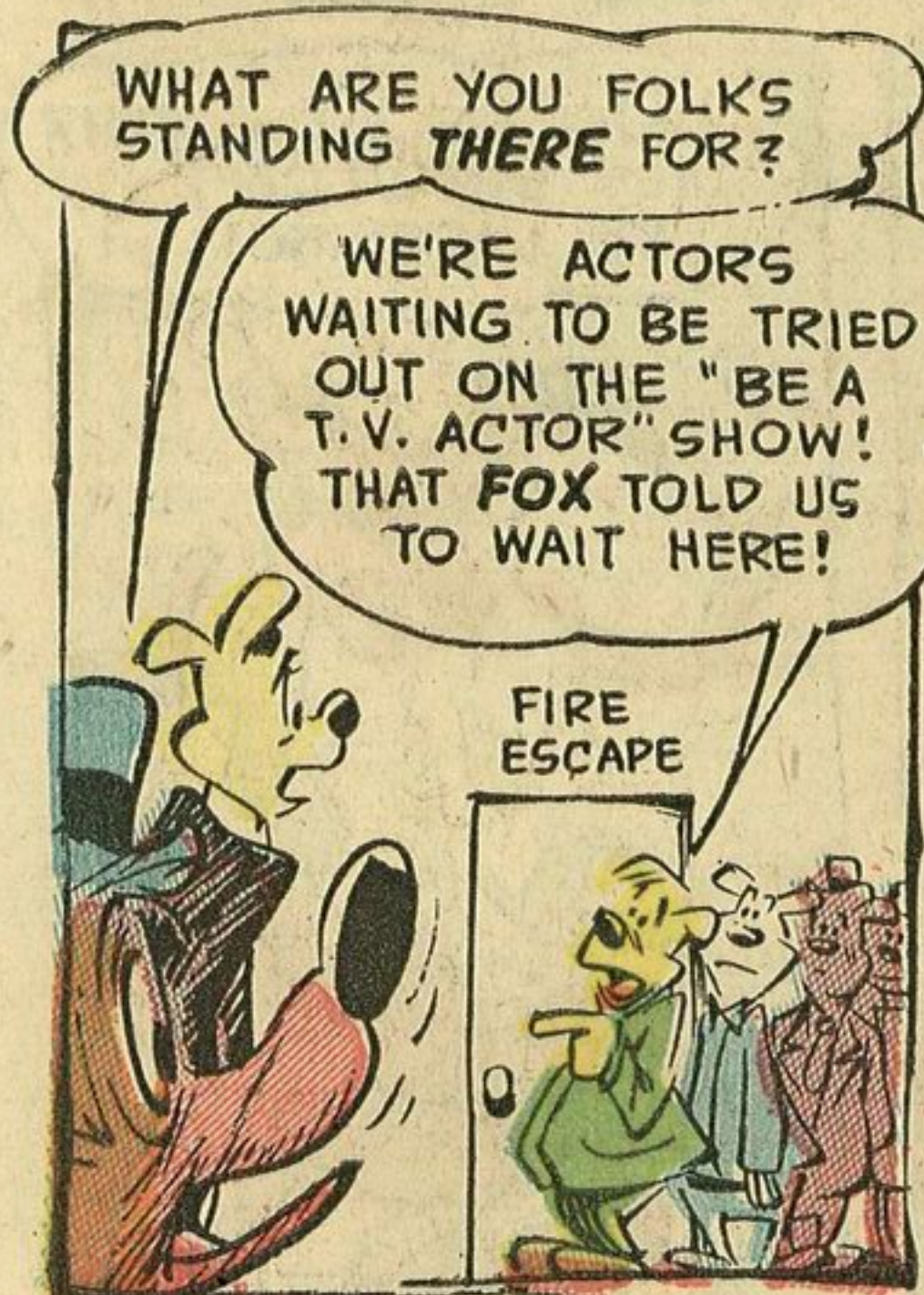
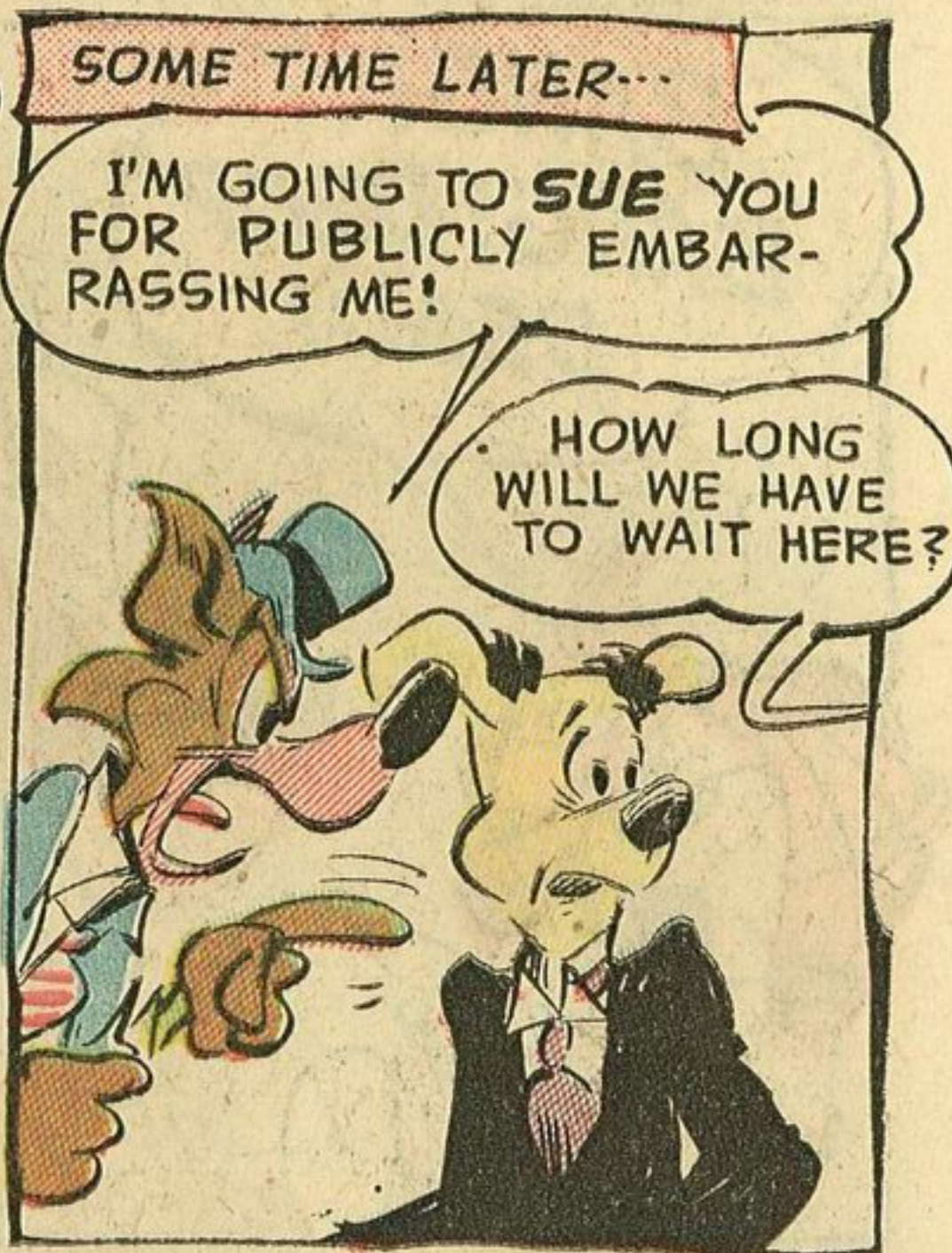
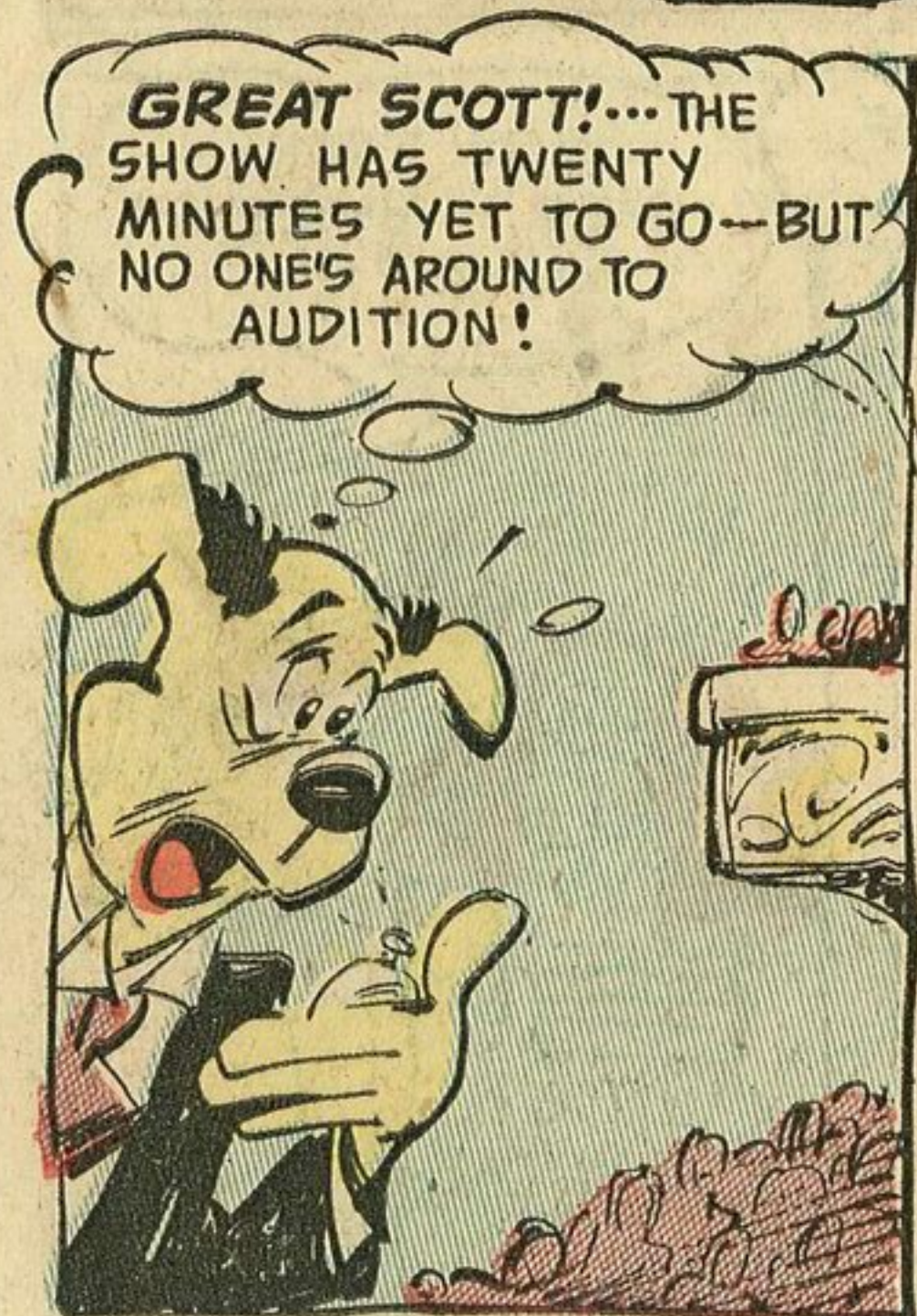
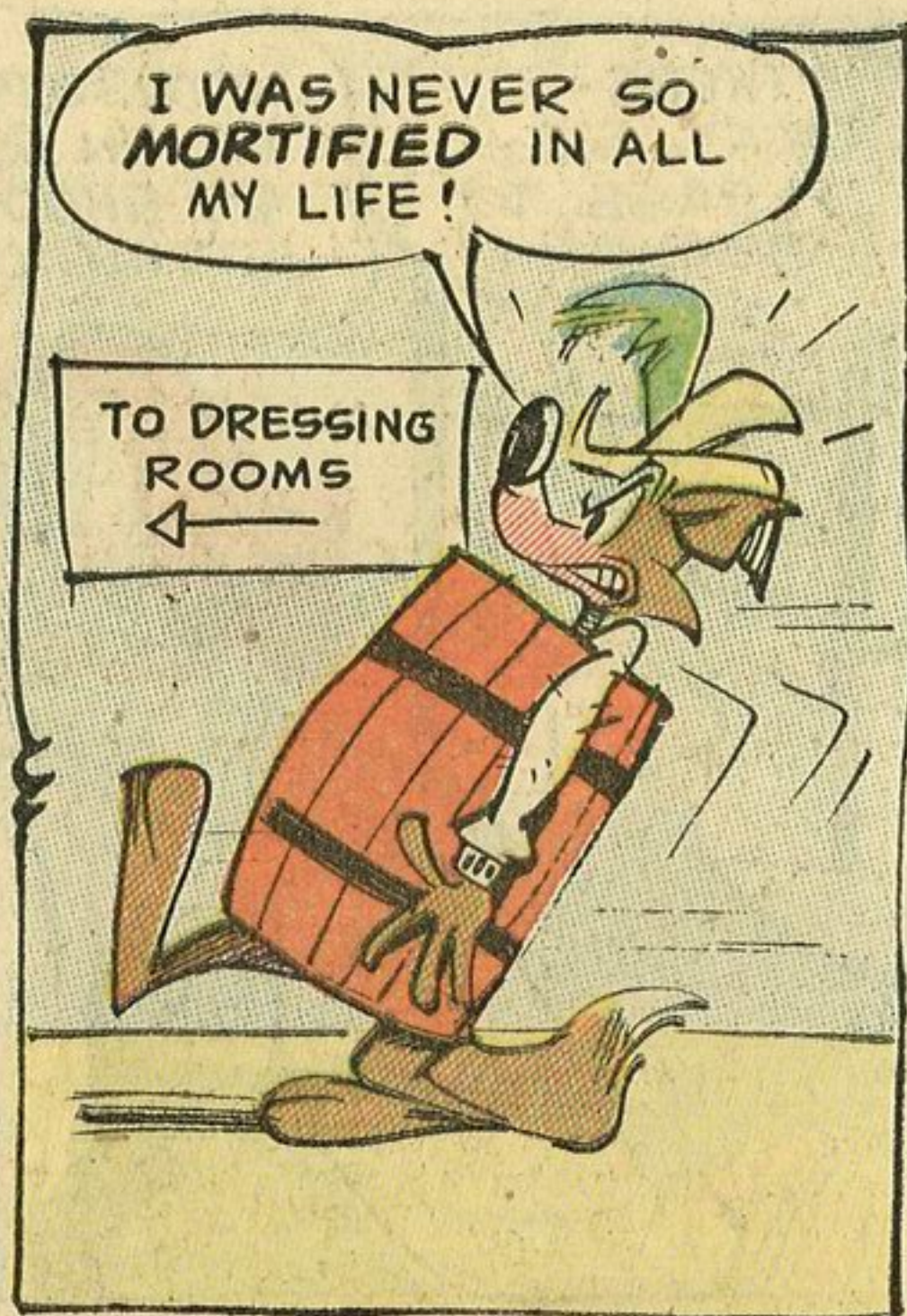
STOP GRIPING!
WE'RE DUE ON
STAGE!

I AM NOT
HAPPY!

ALL SET, EH?...
WELL, JULIET...
ON THE BALCONY
WITH YOU, AND WE
CAN START THIS
AUDITION!







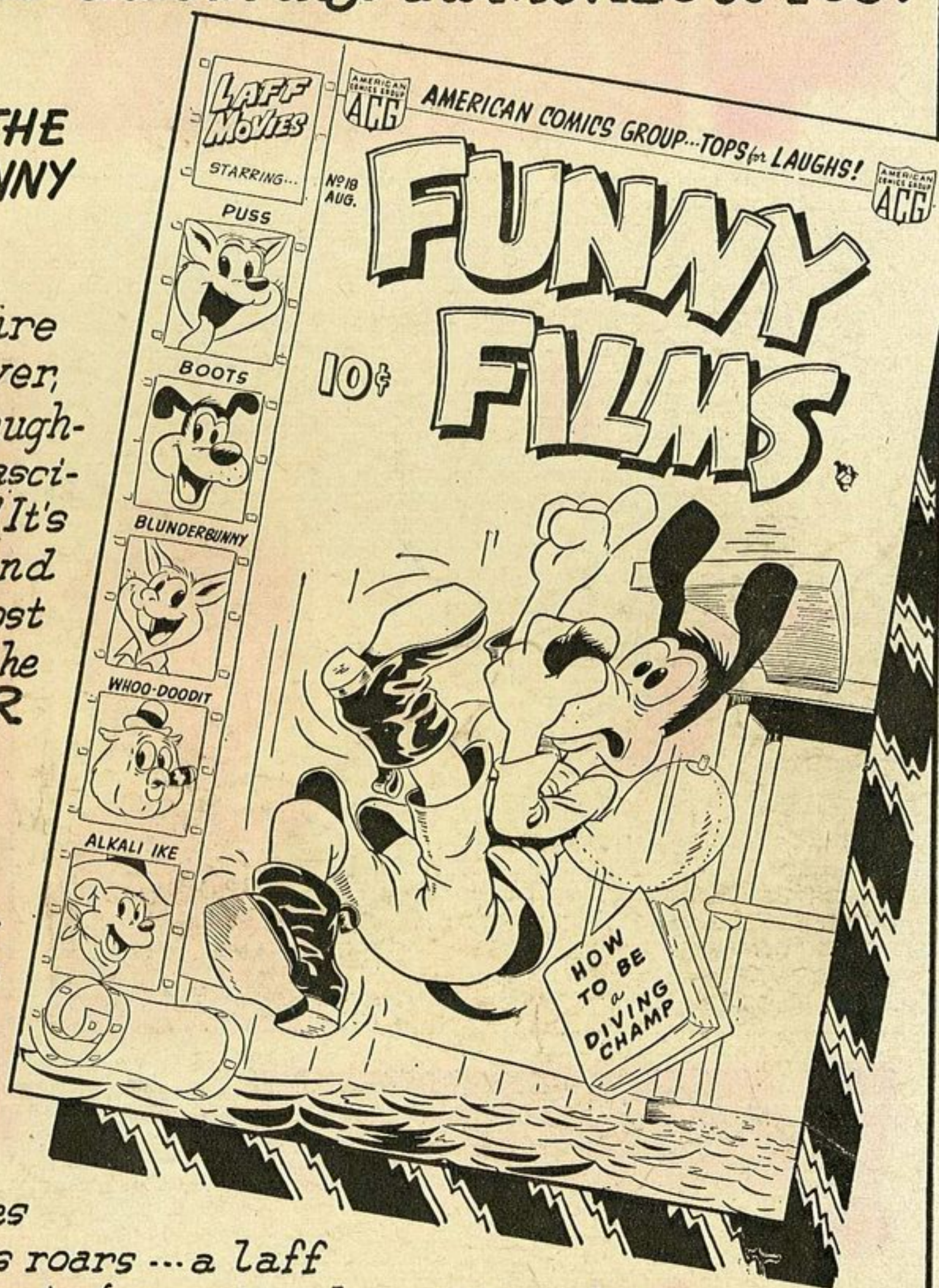
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I DRINK, I WET, I SLEEP, AND YOU CAN WAVE MY HAIR, TOO!

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SHE HAS WONDER SKIN — JUST LIKE A REAL BABY'S... LIFE-LIKE HAIR! SHE CAN DRINK, WET, SLEEP, AND HAVE HER HAIR WAVED!

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